THE MAID OF HONOVR.

As IT HATH BEENE OFTEN PRESENTED with good allowance at the *Phœnix* in DRVRIE-LANE, by the Queenes Majesties SERVANTS.

Written by PHILIP MASSINGER.

LONDON,

Printed by *I. B.* for *Robert Allot*, And are to be sold at his Shop at the signe of the blacke Beare in *Paules* Church-yard, 1632.

The Actors names.

Roberto, King of *Sicilie*.
Ferdinand, Duke of *Vrbin*.
Bertoldo, The Kings naturall brother, a knight of (*Malta*.
Gonzaga, A knight of *Malta*, General to the Ducheſſe
Aſtutio, A counſellor of ſtate (of *Siena*.
Fulgentio, The mignion of *Roberto*.
Adorni, A follower of *Camiolas* father.
Embaſſador, From the Duke of *Vrbin*.
Signior Sylli, A fooliſh ſelfe-lover.
Anthonio, *Gaſparo*, } Two rich heyres, Citty-bred.
Pierio, A Colonel to *Gonzaga*.
Roderigo, *Iacomo*, } Captaines to *Gonzaga*.
Druſo, *Livio*, } Captaines to Duke *Ferdinand*.
Paulo, A prieſt, *Camiolas* confeſſor.
Scout,
Souldiers,
Servants,
Iaylor,
Dwarfe,
Mutes,

Aurelia, Ducheſſe of *Siena*.
Camiola. The Maid of Honour.
Clarinda, Her woman.

To my most honour'd friends, Sir FRANCIS FOLIAMBE, Knight, and Baronet, and to Sir THOMAS BLAND Knight.

THat you have beene, and continued so for many yeeres (since you vouchsafed to owne me) Patrons to me and my despised studies, I cannot but with all humble thankefulnesse acknowledge: And living, as you have done, inseparable in your friendship (notwithstanding all differences, and suites in Law arising betweene you) I held it as impertinent, as absurd, in the presentment of my service in this kinde, to divide you. A free confession of a debt in a meaner man, is the amplest satisfaction to his superiours, and I heartily wish, that the world may take notice, and from my selfe, that I had not to this time subsisted, but that I was supported by your frequent courtesies, and favours, when your more serious occasions will give you leave, you may please to peruse this trifle, and peradventure find something in it that may appeare worthy of your protection. Receive it, I beseech you, as a testimony of his duty, who, while he lives, resolves to be

Truly, and sincerely devoted
to your service,

Philip Massinger.

TO MY WORTHY FRIEND THE AVTHOR VPON HIS TRAGÆ-COMÆDY, THE MAID OF HONOVR.

WAs not thy Emperor enough before
For thee to give, that thou dost give vs more?
I would be just, but cannot: that I know
I did not slander, this I feare I doe.
But pardon mee, if I offend: Thy fire
Let equall Poets praise, while I admire.
If any say that I enough have writ,
They are thy foes, and envy at thy wit.
Believe not them, nor mee, they know thy lines
Deserve applause, but speake against their minds.
I, out of iustice, would commend thy Play,
But (friend forgive mee) 'tis above my way.
One word, and I have done (and from my heart
Would I could speake the whole truth, not the part)
Because 'tis thine; it henceforth will be said,
Not the Maid of Honour, but the Honour'd Maid.

ASTON COKAYNE.

THE MAIDE OF HONOVR.

A Tragæ-Comedy.

ACT. I. SCENE. I.

Astutio. Adorni.

ADORNI.

GOod day to your Lordship:
Astutio. Thanks *Adorni.* [hassador
Ador. May I presume to aske if the Em-
Imploy'd by *Ferdinand*, the Duke of *Ur-*
Hath audience this morning? [*bin*
Enter Fulgent.
Astu. 'Tis uncertaine,
For though a counsaylor of state, I am not
Of the Cabinet counsaile. But ther's one if he please
That may resolve you.

Ador. I will move him Sr.

Aulgen. If you have a ſuite, chew water, I am blinde elſe.

Ador. A ſuite, yet of a nature, not to prove
The quarrie that you hawke for? If your words
Are not like Indian wares, and every ſcruple
To be waigh'd and rated, one poore ſillable
Vouchſaf'd in anſwer of a faire demand,
Cannot deſerve a fee.

Fulgen. It ſeemes you are ignorant,
I neither ſpeake, nor hold my peace for nothing;
And yet for once, I care not if I anſwer
One ſingle queſtion, *gratis.*

Ador. I much thanke you.
Hath the Embaſſador audience Sir to day?

Fulgen. Yes.

Ador. At what houre?

Fulgen. I promiſ'd not ſo much.
A ſillable you begg'd, my Charity gane it.
Move me no further.

Exit Fulgentio.

Aſtu. This you wonder at?
With me 'tis uſuall.

Ador. Pray you Sr. what is he?

Aſtu. A Gentlemaan, yet no lord. He hath ſome drops
Of the Kings blood running in his veines, deriu'd
Some ten degrees off. His revenue lyes
In a narrow compaſſe, the Kings eare, and yeelds him
Every houre a fruitfull harveſt. Men may talke
Of three croppes in a yeare in the fortunate Iſlands.
Or profit made by wooll. But while there are furors,
His ſheepe fleering, my ſhaving to the quicke
Is in every quarter of the Moone, and conſtant,
In the time of trafficking a point, he can undoe
Or make a man. His play or recreation
Is to raiſe ihs up, or pull downe that, and though
He neve yet tooke or dets, makes more Biſhops.

In

In Sicilie, then the Pope himselfe.

Enter Bertolde, Gasparo, Anthonio, a servant.

Ador. Most strange!

Astu. The presence fils. He in the Malta habit
Is the naturall brother of the King, a shyblow.

Ador. I understand you.

Gasp. Morrow to my Vncle.

Anthe. And my late Guardian. But at length I have
The reignes in my owne hands.

Astu. Pray you use 'em well,
Or you'll too late repent it.

Ber. With this Iewell
Presented to *Camiola*, prepare
This night a visit for me. I shall have

Exit servant.

Your company Gallants I perceive, if that
The King will heare of war.

Anthe. Sr. I have horses
Of the best breed in Naples, fitter far
To breake a ranke, then cracke a lance, and are
In their carere of such incredible swiftnes
They out-strip Swallowes.

Ber. And such may bee usefull
To run away with, should we be defeated.
You are well provided Signior

Anthe. Sr. excuse me,
All of their race by instinct knowe Coward,
And scorne the burthen. They come on like lightning,
Founder'd in a retreat.

Ber. By no meanes backe 'em.
Vnlesse you know your courage sympathize
With the daring of your horse.

Anthe. My lord, this is bitter.

Gasp. I will raise me a company of shote,
And when at push of pike I am to enter
A breach, to shew my valour, I have bought mee

An armor cannon proofe
Ber. You will not leape then
Ore an out-worke in your shirt?
Gasp. I do not like
Activity that way.
Ber. You had rather stand
A marke to try their muskets on?
Gasp. If I doe
No good, I'll doe no hurt.
Ber. 'Tis in you Signior
A Christian resolution, and becomes you,
But I will not discourage you.
Ambo. You are Sr.
A knight of Malta, and as I have heard,
Have serv'd against the Turke.
Ber. 'Tis true.
Ambo. Pray you shew vs
The difference betweene the city valour,
And service in the field.
Ber. 'Tis somewhat more
Then roaring in a taverne, or a brothell,
Or to steale a Constable from a sleeping watch,
Then burne their halberds; or safe guarded by
Your tenants soones, to carry away a Maypole
From a neighbour village; you will not finde there
Your Masters of Dependencies to take up
A drunken brawle, or to get you the names
Of valiant Cheivaleirs, fellowes that will bee,
For a cloake with thrice died velvet, and a cast suite
Kick'd down the stairs. A knave with halfe a britch there,
And no shirt (being a thing superfluous,
And worne out of his memorie) if you beare not
Your selves both in, and upright with a provant sword
Will flash your skarlets, and your plush a new way;
Or with the bilbo thunder about your eares
Such musicke as will make your worships dance,

To the dolefull tune of *Lachrymæ*,
Gasp. I must tell you,
In priuate, as you are my princely friend,
I doe not like such Fidlers.
Bertol. No? they are vsefull
For your imitation. I remember you
When you came first to the Court, and talkt of nothing
But you rents, and your curradas; ever chiming
The golden bells in your pockets, you believ'd
The taking of the wall, as a tribute due to
Your gaudy clothes; and could not walke at mid-night
Without a causeleſſe quarrell, as if men
Of courſer outſides were in duty bound
To ſuffer your affronts: but when you had beene
Cudgell'd well, twice or thrice, and from the doctrine
Made profitable uſes, you concluded
The ſoveraigne meanes to teach irregular heyres
Civility, with conformity of manners,
VVere two or three ſound beatings.
Ambo. I confeſſe (ſound.
They did much good upon me. —the principles that they read were
Gasp. And on me—
Bertol. You'll finde
The like inſtructions in the Campe.
Aſto. The King.

A Florish.

Enter *Roberto*, *Bulgenio*, *Embaſſador*, *Attendants*.

Robert. VVee ſit prepar'd to heare.
Embaſſ. Your Majeſty
Hath beene long ſince familiar, I doubt not,
VVith the deſperate fortunes of my Lord, and pitty
Of the much that your confederate hath ſuffer'd
(You being his laſt refuge) may perſwade you
Not alone to compaſſionate, but to lend

Your royall aydes to stay him in his fall
To certaine ruine. Hee too late is conscious,
That his ambition to increach upon
His neighbours territories, with the danger of
His liberty, nay his life, hath brough in question
His owne inheritance; but youth and heat
Of blood, in your interpretation, may
Both plead, and mediate for him. I must grant it
An error in him, being deni'd the favours
Of the faire Princesse of *Siena* (though
He sought her in a noble way) t'endeavour
To force affection, by surprisall of
Her principall seat *Siena*.

Rober. VVhich now proves
The seat of his captivity, not triumph.
Heaven is still just.

Embas. And yet that justice is
To be with mercy temper'd, which heav'ns Deputies
Stand bound to minister. The injur'd Duchesse
By reason taught, as nature, could not with
The reparation of her wrongs, but aime at
A brave revenge, and my Lord feeles too late
That innocence will finde friends. The great Gonzaga,
The honor of his Order, I must praise
Vertue, though in an enemy. Hee whose fights
And conquests hold one number, rallying up
Her scatter'd troopes, before wee could get time
To victuall, or to man the conquer'd City,
Sate downe before it, and presuming that
'Tis not to be releev'd, admits no parley,
Our flags of truce hung out in vaine, nor will hee
Lend an eare to composition, but exacts
With the rendring up the towne, the goods, and lives
Of all within the walls, and of all Sexes
To be at his discretion.

Roberto. Since injustice

In your Duke, meets this correction, can you presse us
With any seeming argument of reason,
In foolish pitty to decline his dangers,
To draw 'em on our selfe? Shall we not be,
Warn'd by his harmes? The league proclaim'd between us,
Bound neither of us farther then to ayde
Each other, if by forraigne force invaded,
And so farre in my honour I was tied.
But since without our counsell, or allowance,
He hath tooke armes, with his good leave, he must
Excuse us, if wee steere not on a rocke
We see, and may avoyd. Let other Monarchs
Contend to be made glorious by proud warre,
And with the blood of their poore subjects purchase
Increase of Empire, and augment their cares
In keeping that which was by wrongs extorted;
Guilding unjust invasions with the trimne
Of glorious conquests; wee that would be knowne
The father of our people in our study,
And vigilance for their safety, must not change
Their plough-shares into swords, or force them from
The secure shade of their owne vines to be
Scorch'd with the flames of warre, or for our sport
Expose theirlines to ruine.

Embas. Will you then
In his extremity forsake your friend?

Roberto. No, but preserue our selfe:

Bertol. Cannot the beames
Of honour chase your icie feares?

Roberto. VVho's that?

Bertol. A kinde of brother, Sir, how e'er your subject,
Your father's Sonne, and one who blushes that
You are not heire to his brave spirit, and vigour,
As to his Kingdome.

Roberto. How's this?

Bertol. Sir, to be

His

His living Chronicle, and to speake his praise
Cannot deserve your anger.
Rober. VVhere's your warrant
For this presumption?
Bertol. Heere, Sir, in my heart.
Let Sycophants, that feed upon your favours,
Stile coldnesse in you caution, and preferre
Your ease before your honour; and conclude
To eate and sleepe supinely, is the end
Of humane blessings: I must tell you Sir,
Vertue, if not in action, is a vice,
And when wee move not forward, we goe backeward;
Nor is this peace (the nurse of drones, and cowards)
Our health, but a disease.
Gasp. VVel urg'd my Lord.
Ambo. Perfit what is so well begunne.
Embas. And binde,
My Lord, your servant.
Rober. Hare-braind foole! what reason
Canst thou inferre to make this good?
Bertol. A thousand
Not to be contradicted. But consider,
VVhere your command lies? 'Tis not, Sir, in *France*,
Spaine, *Germany*, *Portugall*, but in *Sicile*,
An Island, Sir. Here are no mines of gold,
Or silver to enrich you, no worme spinnes
Silke in her wombe to make distinction
Betweene you, and a Peasant, in your habits.
No fish liues neere our shores, who's blood can dy
Scarlet, or purple; all that wee possesse
VVith beasts, wee have in common: Nature did
Designe us robe warriours, and to breake through
Our ring the sea, by which we are inviron'd;
And we by force must fetch in what is wanting,
Or precious to us. Adde to this, wee are
A populous nation, and increase so fast,

That

That if we by our providence, are not ſent
Abroad in colonies, or fall by the ſword,
Nor *Sicelie* (though now, it were more fruitfull,
Then when 'twas ſtil'd the granary of great *Rome*)
Can yeeld our numerous frie bread, we muſt ſtarve,
Or eat vp one another.

Adorn. The King heares
With much attention.

Aſtut. And ſeemes mou'd with what
Berualdo hath deliver'd.

Bervol. May you live long, Sir,
The King of peace, ſo you deny not vs
The glory of the warre; let not our nerves
Shrincke up with ſloth, nor for want of imployment
Make younger brothers theeves; 'tis their ſwordes, Sir,
Muſt ſow and reape their harveſt; if examples
May move you more then arguments, looke on *England*,
The Empreſſe of the European Iſles,
And unto whom alone ours yeelds precedence,
When did ſhe flouriſh ſo, as when ſhe was
The Miſtreſſe of the Ocean: Her navies
Putting a girdle round about the world,
When the *Iberian* quak'd, her worthies nam'd;
And the faire flowre Deluce grew pale, ſet by
The red Roſe and the white: let not our armour
Hung up, or our unrig'd *Armado* make us
Ridiculous to the late poore ſnakes our neighbours
VVarm'd in our boſomes, and to whom againe
VVe may be terrible: while wee ſpend our houres
Without variety, confinde to drinke,
Dice, Cards, or whores. Rowze us, Sir, from the ſleepe
Of idleneſſe, and redeeme our morgag'd honours.
Your birth, and juſtly, claimes my fathers Kingdome;
But his Heroique minde deſcends to mee,
I will confirme ſo much.

Adorn. In his lookes he ſeemes

To breake ope *Ianus* Temple.
Assist. How these younglings
Take fire from him! *Ador.* It works an alteration
Vpon the King.
Ambo. I can forbeare no longer:
Warre, warre, my Soveraigne.
Fulg. The King appeares
Resolv'd, and does prepare to speake.
Robert. Thinke not
Our counsel's built upon so weake a base,
As to be overturn'd, or shaken with
Tempestuous windes of words. As I, my Lord,
Before resolv'd you, I will not ingage
My person in this quarrell; neyther presse
My Subjects to maintaine it: yet to shew
My rule is gentle, and that I have feeling
Of your Masters sufferings, since these Gallants weary
Of the happinesse of peace, desire to taste
The bitter sweets of warre, wee doe consent
That as Adventurers, and Voluntiers
(No way compell'd by us) they may make tryall
Of their boasted valours.
Bertol. Wee desire no more.
Robert. 'Tis well, and but my grant in this, expect not
Assistance from mee. Governe as you please
The Province you make choice of, for I vow
By all things sacred, if that thou miscarry
In this rash undertaking, I will heare it
No otherwise then as a sad disaster,
Falne on a stranger: nor will I esteeme
That man my Subject, who in thy extremes
In purse or person aydes thee. Take your fortune:
You know mee, I have said it. So my Lord
You have my absolute answer.
Embas. My Prince payes
In me his duty.

Rob.

Robert. Follow me, *Fulgentio*,
And you, *Aſtutio*.
Goſſ. VVhat a frowne he threw
At his departure, on you.
Bertol. Let him keepe
His ſmiles for his ſtate Catamite, I care not.
Ambo. Shall wee aboord to night?
Embaſ. Your ſpeed, my Lord,
Doubles the benefit.
Bertol. I have a buſineſſe
Requires diſpatch, ſome two houres hence I'll meet you.

Exeunt *Roberto*, *Fulgentio*, *Aſtutio* attendants.

Exeunt.

ACT. I. SCENE. II.

Signior Sylli, walking fantaſtically before, followed by *Camiola* and *Clarinda*:

Camiola. Nay *Signior*, this is too much ceremony
In my owne houſe.
Sylli. VVhat's gratious abroad, muſt be in private practis'd.
Clar. For your mirth-ſake
Let him alone, he has beene all this morning
In practice with a peruqd Gentleman vſher,
To teach him his true amble and his poſtures,
VVhen he walkes before a Lady
Syll. You may, Madame,
Perhaps, beleeve that I in this uſe art,
To make you dote upon mee by expoſing
My more then moſt rare features to your view.
But I as I have ever done, deale ſimply,
A marke of ſweet ſimplicity ever noted
I'the family of the *Sylles*. Therefore Lady,
Looke not with too much contemplation on mee,
If you doe, you are i'the ſuds.
Camil. You are no Barber?
Sylli. Fie no, not I, but my good parts have drawne
More loving hearts out of faire Ladies bellies,

Sylli walking by, and practiſing his poſtures.

Then the whole trade haue done teeth.

Cam. Is't possible?

Sylli. Yes, and they liue too, marry much condoling
The scorne of their *Narcissus*, as they call mee,
Because I loue my selfe.

Cam. Without a riuall;
What philtres or loue-powders doe you use
To force affection? I see nothing in
Your person, but I dare looke on, yet keepe
My owne poore heart still.

Sylli. You are warn'd, be arm'd,
And doe not lose the hope of such a husband
In being too soone enamour'd.

Clar. Hold in your head,
Or you must haue a martingale.

Sylli. I haue sworne
Neuer to take a wife, but such a one
(O may your Ladiship prove so strong) as can
Hold out a moneth against mee.

Cam. Neuer feare it,
Though your best taking part, your wealth were tenfold
I would not wooe you. But since in your pitty
You please to giue me caution, tell me what
Temptations I must flye from?

Sylli. The first is
That you never heare mee sing, for I am a *Syren*.
If you obserue, when I warble, the dogs howle
As ravish'd with my Ditties, and you will
runne mad to heare mee.

Cam. I will stop my eares,
And keepe my little wits.

Sylli. Next when I dance
And come aloft thus, cast not a sheepes eye
Vpon the quivering of my calfe.

Cam. Proceed, Sir,

Sylli. But on no termes, for 'tis a maine point, dreame not

Of

Of the ſtrength of my back, though it will beare a burthen
With any porter.

Camil. I meane not to ride you,

Cam. Nor I your little Ladiſhip, 'till you have
Perform'd the Covenants. Be not taken with
My prettie ſpider fingers, nor my eyes,
That twinckle on both ſides.

Camil. Was there ever ſuch *One knocks.*
A piece of motlie heard of! who's that? you may ſpare
The Catalogue of my dangers. *Exit Clarinda.*

Syl. No good Madam,
I have not told you halfe.

Camil. Enough good Signior,
If I gate more of ſuch ſweete meats, I ſhall ſurfet.
Who is't? *Enter Clarinda.*

Clar. The brother of the King.

Syl. Nay ſtart not,
The brother of the King! is he no more?
Were it the King himſelfe, I'll give him leave
To ſpeake his mind to you, for I am not jealous,
And to aſſure your Ladyſhip of ſo much,
I'll uſher him in, and that done, hide my ſelfe. *Exit Syl.*

Camil. *Camilla* if ever, now be conſtant
This is indeed a ſuitor, whoſe ſweet preſence,
Courtſhip and loving language would have ſtagger'd
The chaſt *Penelope.* And to increaſe
The wonder, did not modeſtie forbid it
I ſhould aske that from him, he ſues to me for;
And yet my reaſon like a tyran, tells me
I muſt nor give, nor take it.

Syl. I muſt tell you *Enter Sylli, and Bertoldo.*
You looſe your labour. 'Tis enough to prove it,
Signior Sylli came before you, and you know
Firſt come firſt ſerv'd yet you ſhall have my countenance
To parley with her and I'l take ſpeciall care
That none ſhal interrupt you

Ber. You are courteous.

Syl. Come wench wilt thou heare wisedome?

Cear. Yes from you Sr. *Steps aside*

Ber. If forcing this sweet favour from your lips *kisseth her.*
Faire Madam, argue me of too much boldnesse
When you are pleas'd to understand, I take
A parting kisse, if not excuse, at least
'Twill qualifie the offence.

Cami. A parting kisse Sr.?
What Nation envious of the happinesse
Which Sicilie enjoyes in your sweet presence,
Can buy you from her? or what Climate yeeld
Pleasures transcending those which you injoy here,
Being both belou'd and honor'd. The North-star
And guider of all hearts, and to summe up
Your full accompt of happinesse, in a word,
The brother of the King.

Ber. Doe you alone,
And with an unexampl'd cruelty,
Inforce my absence, and deprive me of
Those blessings, which you with a polish'd phrase
Seeme to insinuate, that I doe possesse,
And yet tax me as being guilty of
My wilfull exile? what are Titles to me?
Or popular suffrage? or my neerenesse to
The King in blood? or fruitfull Sicilie,
Though it confess'd no Soveraigne but my selfe,
When you that are the essence of my being,
The anchor of my hopes; the reall substance
Of my felicity, in your disdaine
Turne all to fading and deceiving shaddowes?

Cami. You tax me without cause.

Ber. You must confesse it,
But answer love with love, and seale the contract
In the vniting of our soules, how gladly
(though now I were in action, and assur'd,

Following my fortune, that plum'd victory
Would make her glorious ſtand upon my tent)
Would I put off my armour, in my heate
Of conqueſt, and like *Anthonie* purſue
My *Cleopatra*? will you yet looke on me
With an eye of Favour?

Cami. Truth beare witneſſe for me,
That in the Iudgement of my Soule, you are
A man ſo abſolute, and circular
In all thoſe wiſh'd-for rarities, that may take
A Virgin captive, that though at this inſtant
All ſceptr'd Monarches of our Weſterne world
Were rivalls with you, and *Camiola* worthy
Of ſuch a competition, you alone
Should weare the ghirlond. *Ber.* If ſo, what diverts
Your Favour from me? *Camil.* No mulct in your ſelfe,
Or in your perſon, mind or fortune. *Ber.* What then?
Camil. The Conſciouſneſſe of mine owne wants. Alas Sr,
We are not parallells, but like lines divided
Can nere meete in one Centre, your Birth Sir
(Without addition) were an ample Dowrie
For one of fairer Fortunes, and this ſhape,
Were you ignoble, far above all value;
To this, ſo cleare a mind, ſo furniſh'd with
Harmonious faculties, moulded from heaven,
That though you were *Therſites* in your features
Of no deſcent, and *Irus* in your fortunes,
Ulyſſes like you would force all eyes and eares
To love, but ſeene, and when heard, wonder at
Your matchleſſe ſtory. But all theſe bound up
Together in one Volume, give me leave
With admiration to looke upon 'em,
But not preſume in my owne flattering hopes,
I may or can injoy 'em. *Ber.* How you ruine
What you would ſeeme to build up. I know no
Diſparitie betweene vs, you are an heyre

Sprung

Sprung from a noble familie, faire, rich, young,
And every way my equall. *Cam.* Sir excuse me,
One aerie with proportion, nere discloses
The eagle and the wren; tissue, and freese
In the same garment monstrous: But suppose
That what's in you excessive, were diminish'd,
And my desert supply'd, the strongest bar,
Religion stops our Entrance, you are Sir
A Knight of Malta, by your order bound
To a single life, you cannot marrie me,
And I assure my selfe you are too noble
To seek me (though my frailtie should consent)
In a base path. *Ber.* A dispensation Lady
Will easiely absolve me. *Cami.* O take heed Sr.
When, what is vow'd to heaven, is dispens'd with,
To serve our ends on earth, a curse must follow,
And not a blessing. *Ber.* Is there no hope left me?
Cam. Nor to my selfe, but is a neighbour to
Impossibility: true love should walke
On equall feete, in vsit does not Sir,
But rest assur'd, excepting this, I shall be
Devoted to your service. *Ber.* And this is your
Determinate sentence? *Cami.* Not to be revok'd.
Ber. Farewell then faireſt cruell. All thoughts in me
Of Women perish. Let the glorious light
Of noble war extinguish loves dimne taper
That onely lends me light to see my follie;
Honor, be thou my everliving Mistresse,
And fond affection at thy bond-slave serve thee. *Exit Ber:*
Cam. How soone my Sun is set: He being absent,
Never to rise againe! what a fierce battaile
Is fought betweene my passions! me thinkes
We should have kiss'd at parting. Sy. I perceive,
He has his answer, now must I step in
To comfort her, you have found, I hope, sweet Lady,
Some difference betweene a youth of my pitch,

And

And this bug-beare *Bertoldo*, men are men,
The Kings brother is no more: good parts will doe it,
When Titles faile, despaire not, I may be
In time intreated.

Cam. Be so now to leave mee,
Lights for my chamber, O my heart! Exeunt *Camiola*, & *Clarinda*.

Sylli. She now
I know is going to bed to ruminate
Which way to glut her selfe upon my person,
But for my oath-sake I will keepe her hungry,
And to grow full my selfe, I'll straight to supper. *Exit.*

The end of the first Act.

Act. II. Scene. I.

Roberto, Fulgentio, Astutio.

Roberto. EMbarqu'd to night doe you say?
Fulgentio. I saw him aboard, Sir,
Roberto. And without taking of his leave?
Astutio. 'Twas strange!
Roberto. Are we growne so contemptible?
Fulgentio. 'Tis far from me Sir, to adde fuell to your anger,
That in your ill opinion of him, burnes
Too hot already, else I should affirme
It was a grosse neglect.
Roberto. A wilfull scorne
Of duty and alleageance, you giue it
Too faire a name. But we shall think on't: can you
Guesse what the numbers were that follow'd him
In his desperate action?
Roberto. More then you thinke, Sir.

All ill affected ſpirits in Palermo,
Or to your government, or perſon, with
The turbulent ſword-men, ſuch whoſe poverty fore'd 'em
To wiſh a change, are gone along with him;
Creatures devoted to his undertakings
In right or wrong, and to expreſſe their zeale,
And readineſſe to ſerve him, ere they went
Prophanely tooke the ſacrament on their knees,
To live and dye with him.

Roberto. O moſt impious! their loyalty to us forgot?

Fulgent. I feare ſo.

Aſtut. Vnthankfull as they are.

Fulgen. Yet this deſerves not
One troubled thought in you, Sir, with your pardon
I hold that their remove from hence makes more
For your ſecurity, then danger.

Robert. True; and as I'll faſhion it, they ſhall feele it too.
Aſtutio, you ſhall preſently be diſpatch'd
With letters writ, and ſign'd with our owne hand,
To the Ducheſſe of *Siena*, in excuſe
Of theſe forces ſent againſt her. If you ſpare
An oath to give it credit, that, wee never
Conſented to it, ſwearing for the King,
Though falſe, it is no perjury.

Aſtut. I know it.
They are not fit to be ſtate agents, Sir,
That without ſcruple of their conſcience, cannot
Be prodigall in ſuch trifles.

Fulgentio. Right, *Aſtutio.*

Roberto. You muſt beſide from us take ſome inſtructions
To be imparted, as you judge 'em uſefull,
To the Generall Gonzaga. Inſtantly
Prepare you for your journey.

Aſtut. With the wings
Of loyalty and duty. Exit *Aſtutio.*

Fulg. I am bold to put your Majeſty in mind.

Rober.

Roberto. Of my promise,
And ayds, to further you in your amorous project
To the faire, and rich *Camiola*: there's my ring
What ever you shall say that I intreat
Or can command by power, I will make good.
Fulg. Ever your Majesties creature.
Rob. Venus prove propitious to you. Exit *Robert.*
Fulg. All sorts to my wishes:
Bertoldo was my hindrance. Hee remov'd,
I now will court her in the conquerous stile,
Come, see, and overcome. Boy. Enter *Page.*
Page. Sir, your pleasure.
Fulg. Haste to *Camiola*, bid her prepare
An entertainment suitable to a fortune,
She could not hope for. Tell her, I vouchsafe
To honour her with a visit.
Page. 'Tis a favour
Will make her proud.
Fulg. I know it.
Page. I am gone, Sir. Exit *Page.*
Fulg. Intreaties fit not me, a man in grace,
May challenge awe, and privilledge by his place,
Exit *Fulgentio.*

Act. II. Scene. II.

Sylli, Aderni, Clariudo.

Ader. SO melancholy say you?
Clar. Never given
To such retirement.
Adorn. Can you guesse the cause?
Clar. If it hath not it's birth, and being from
The brave *Bertoldo's* absence, I confesse
It is pass'd my apprehension.

Sylli. You are wide,
The whole field wide. I in my understanding
Pitty your ignorance: yet if you will
Sweare to conceale it, I will let you know
Where her shooe ringes her.
Clar. I vow, *Signior*,
By my virginity.
Sylli. A perillous oath
In a waiting-woman of fifteene, and is indeed
A Kinde of nothing.
Adorn. I'll take one of something
If you please to minister it.
Sylli. Nay, you shall not sweare,
I had rather take your word, for should you vow;
Damne mee, I'll doe this, you are sure to breake.
Adorn. I thanke you *Signior*, but resolve us.
Sylli. Know then,
Here walkes the cause. She dares not looke upon me,
My beauties are so terrible, and inchaunting,
Shee cannot endure my sight.
Adorn. There I believe you.
Sylli. But the time will come, be comforted, when I will
Put off this vizor of unkindnesse to her.
And shew an amorous, and yeelding face:
And vntill then, though *Hercules* himselfe
Desire to see her, hee had better eate
His clubbe then passe her threshold, for I'll be
Her *Cerberus* to guard her.
Adorn. A good dogge.
Clar. Worth twenty porters. enter *Page*.
Page. Keepe you open house here?
No groome to attend a Gentleman? O, I spie one.
Sylli. Hee meanes not mee, I am sure.
Page. You sirrha; Sheepes-head,
With a face cut on a cat-sticke, Doe you heare?
You yeoman phewterer, conduct mee to

The Lady of the mansion, or my poniard
Shall disemboge thy soule.
Syl. O terrible!
Disemboge! I talke of *Hercules*, and here is one
Bound up in *decimo sexto*.
Pag. Answer wretch.
Syl. Pray you little gentleman, be not so furious,
The Lady keepes her chamber.
Pag. And we present?
Sent in an Embassie to her? But here is
Her gentlewoman, Sirrah hold my cloake,
While I take a leape at her lips, do it and neatly;
Or having first tripp'd up thy heeles, I'll make
Thy backe my foote-stoole. *Page kisses Clar.*
Syl. Tamberlaine in little! Am I turn'd Turke! what an office am I put to!
Cla. My Lady, gentle youth is indispos'd.
Pag. Though she were dead and buried, only tell her,
The great man in the Court, the brave *Fulgentio*
Descends to visit her, and it will raise her
Out of the grave for joy. *Enter Fulgen.*
Syl. Here comes another!
The divell I feare in his holi-day clothes.
Pag. So soone,
My part is at an end then, cover my shoulders,
When I grow great, thou shalt serve me.
Fulgen. Are you Sirrah
An implement of the house?
Syl. Sure he will make
A joynes-stoole of me!
Fulgen. Or if you belong
To the Lady of the place, command her hither.
Adorn. I do not weare her livery, yet acknowledge
A duty to her. And as little bound
To serve your peremptorie will, as she is
To obey your summons. 'Twill become you Sir,

To waite her leisurue, then her pleasure knowne
You may present your duty. *Fulgen.* Duty? Slave,
I'll teach you manners. *Ador.* I am past learning, make not
A tumult in the house. *Fulgen.* Shall I be brau'd thus?
Syl. O I am dead! and now I sowne. *They draw.*
Clarin. Helpe, murther! *sals on his face.*
Pag. Recover Sirrah, the Ladies here. *Enter Cam.*
Syl. Nay then
I am alive againe, and I'll be valiant.
Cam. What insolence is this? *Adorni*, hold,
Hold I command you. *Fulgen.* Sawcy groome.
Cam. Not so Sir,
However in his life, he had dependance
Vpon my Father, He is a gentleman
As well borne as your selfe. Put on your hat.
Fulgen. In my presence, without leaue?
Syl. He has mine Madam?
Cam. And I must tell you Sir, and in plaine language,
How e'r your glittring out-side promise gentry,
The rudenesse of your carriage and behaviour
Speakes you a couser thing. *Syl.* She meanes a clowne Sir,
I am her interpreter for want of a better.
Cam. I am a Queene in mine owne house, nor must you
Expect an Empire here. *Syl.* Sure I must love her
Before the day, the prettie Soule's so valiant.
Cami. What are you? and what would you with me?
Fulgen. Proud one,
When you know what I am, and what I came for,
And may on your submission proceed so,
You in your reason must repent the coursenesse
Of my entertainement.
Cami. Why fine man? what are you?
Fulgen. A kinsman of the Kings. *Cam.* I cry you mercy,
For his sake, not your owne. But grant you are so,
'Tis not impossible, but a king may have
A foole to his kinsman, no way meaning you Sir.

Fulgen. You have heard of *Fulgen.* *Cam.* Long since Sir,
A suit-broker in Court. He has the worst
Report among good men I ever heard of,
For briberie and extortion. In their prayers
Widdowes and Orphans curse him for a canker,
And caterpiller in the state. I hope Sir,
You are not the man, much lesse imploy'd by him
As a smocke-agent to me. *Fulgen.* I reply not
As you deserve, being assur'd you know me,
Pretending ignorance of my person, onely
To give me a tast of your wit; 'Tis well and courtly,
I like a sharpe wit well. *Syl.* I cannot indure it,
Nor any of the *Syllies.* *Fulgen.* More I know too,
This harsh induction must serve as a foyle
To the well tun'd observance and respect,
You will hereafter pay me, being made
Familiar with my credit with the King,
And that, containe your joy, I daine to love you.
Cam. Love me? I am not rap'd with't. *Ful.* Hear't againe.
I love you honestly, now you admire me.
Cam. I doe indeed, it being a word so seldome
Heard from a courtiers mouth. But pray you deale plainly,
Since you finde me simple. what might be the motives
Inducing you to leave the freedome of
A batchelers life, on your soft necke to weare
The stubborne yoake of marriage? And of all
The beauties in *Palermo*, to choose me,
Poore me? that is the maine point you must treate of.
Ful. Why I will tell you. Of a little thing
You are a prettie peate, indifferenly faire too;
And like a new-rigg'd shippe both tite, and y'are
Well truss'd to beare. Virgins of Gyant size
Are sluggards at the sport: but for my pleasure,
Give me a neat well timbred gamster like you,
Such neede no spurres, the quickenes of your eye
Assures an active spirit. *Cam.* You are pleasant Sir,

Yet I presume, that there was one thing in me
Vnmention'd yet, that tooke you more then all
Those parts you have remembred. *Fulgen.* What?
Cam. My wealth Sir.
Fulgen. You are i'the right, without that beautie is
A flower worne in the morning, at night trod on;
But beautie, youth, and fortune meeting in you,
I will vouchsafe to marrie you. *Cam.* You speake well,
And in returne excuse me Sir, if I
Deliver reasons why upon no tearmes
I'll marrie you, I fable not. *Syl.* I am glad
To heare this, I began to have an ague.
Fulgen. Come, your wise reasons.
Cam. Such as they are, pray you take them.
Firſt I am doubtfull whether you are a man,
Since for your ſhape trimmd up in a Ladies dreſſing,
You might paſſe for a woman: now I love
To deale on certainties. And for the fairenes
Of your complexion, which you thinke will take me,
The colour I muſt tell you in a man
Is weake and faint, and never will hold out
If put to labour, give me the lovely browne,
A thicke curl'd hayre of the ſame dye, broad ſhoulders,
A brawnie arme full of veines, a legge without
An artificiall calfe, I ſuſpect yours,
But let that paſſe. *Syl.* She meanes me all this while,
For I have every one of thoſe good parts,
O *Sylli*, fortunate *Sylli*! *Cam.* You are mov'd Sir.
Fulgen. Fie no, go on. *Cam.* Then as you are a courtier;
A grac'd one too, I feare you have beene too forward,
And ſo much for your perſon. Rich you are,
Diveliſh rich, as 'tis reported, and ſure have
The aides of Satans little fiends to get it,
And what is got upon his backe, muſt be
Spent you know where, the proverb's true, one word more
And I have done. *Fulgen.* I'll caſe you of the trouble,

Coy

Coy, and disdainefull.

Cam. Save me, or else he'll beat me.

Fulg. No, your owne folly shall, and since you put mee
To my last charme, look upon this, and tremble.

Cam. At the sight of a faire ring? the Kings, I take it. *Shewes the Kings ring.*
I have seene him weare the like: if he hath sent it
as a favour to mee. *Fulg.* Yet, tis verie likely,
His dying mothers gift, priz'd at his crowne,
By this hee does command you to be mine,
By his gift you are so: you may yet redeeme all. (may

Cam. You are in a wrong account still. Though the King
Dispose of my life and goods, my mind's mine owne,
And shall be never yours. The King (Heaven blesse him)
Is good and gracious, and being in himselfe
Abstemious from base and goatish loosenesse,
Will not compell against their wills, chaste Madiens,
To dance in his magnious circles. I believe
Forgetting it, when he washed his hands, you stole it
With an intent to awe me. But you are coozin'd,
I am still my selfe, and will be.

Fulg. A proud haggard,
And not to be reclaim'd, which of your groomes,
Your coach-man, foole, or foot-man, ministers
Night phificque to you?

Cam. You are foule-mouth'd,

Fulg. Much fairer
Then thy blacke soule, and so I will proclaime thee.

Cam. Were I a man, thou durst not speake this.

Fulg. Heav'n
So prosper mee, as I resolve to dos it
To all men, and in every place, scorn'd by
A tit of pen-pence?

Exit *Fulgentio* and his *Page.*

Sylli. Now I begin to be valiant
Nay, I will draw my sword. O for a batcher!
Doe a friends part, pray you carry him the length of it.
I give him three yeeres, and a day to match my Toledo,

And then wee'll fight like Dragons.

Adorn. Pray have patience.

Cam. I may live to have vengeance; My *Bertoldo*
Would not have heard this.

Adorn. Madam.

Cam. 'Pray you spare
Your language; Pre'thee foole, and make me merry;

Sylli. That is my Office ever.

Adorn. I must doe,
Not talke, this glorious gallant shall heare from me. *Exeunt.*

ACT. II. SCENE. III.

The chambers discharg'd: A flourish, as to an assault. *Gonzaga, Pierio, Roderigo, Iacomo,* Souldiers.

Gonzaga. IS the breach made assaultable?

Pierio. Yes, and the mouth
Fill'd up, the Canonier hath don his parts,
We may enter six a brest.

Roderig. There's not a man
Dares shew himselfe upon the wall.

Iacom. Deseate not
The souldiers hop'd-for spoile.

Pier. If you, Sir,
Delay the assault, and the Citie be given up
To your discretion, you in honour cannot
Vse the extremitie of warre, but in
Compassion to 'em, you to us prove cruell.

Iacom. And an enemy to your selfe.

Roder. A hindrance to
The brave revenge you have vow'd

Gonz. Temper your heat,
And loose not by too sudden rashnesse, that
Which be but patient, will be offer'd to you.

Security ushers ruine; proud contempt
Of an enemy three parts vanquish'd with feare
And greedinesse of spoyle, have often wrested
A certaine victory from the Conquerours gripe.
Discretion is the tutor of the warre,
Valour the pupill, and when we command
With lenity and your directions follow'd
With cheerefulnesse, a prosperous end must crowne
Our workes well undertaken.

Roderig. Ours are finish'd

Pior. If we make use of fortune.

Gonz. Her false smiles
Deprive you of your judgements. The condition
Of our affaires exacts a double care,
And like bifronted *Ianus*, wee must looke
Backward, as forward: though a flattering calme
Bids us urge on, a sudden tempest rais'd,
Not fear'd, much lesse expected, in our reere
May foully fall upon us, and distract us
To our confusion. Our scout! what brings Enter *Scout.*
Thy ghastly lookes, and sudden speede?

Scout. Th'assurance
Of a new enemy.

Gonz. This I fore-saw, and fear'd.
What are they, know'st thou?

Scout. They are by their colours
Sicilians, bravely mounted, and the brightnesse
Of their rich armours doubly guilded with
Reflection of the Sunne.

Gonz. From Sicile?
The King in league! no warre proclaimed! 'tis foule.
But this must be prevented, not disputed.
Ha, how is this? your Estridge plumes, that late
E'n now like quills of Porcupines seem'd to threaten
The starres, drop at the rumor of a shower?
And like to captive colours sweep the earth?

Beare up, but in great dangers, greater mindes
Are neuer proud. Shall a few loose troopes untrain'd
But in a customary ostentation,
Presented as a sacrifice to your valours
Cause a dejection in you?

Pier. No dejection.

Rod. However startl'd, where you lead, we'll follow

Gon. 'Tis bravely said. We will not stay their charge,
But meet 'em man to man, and horse to horse.
Pierio in our absence hold our place,
And with our foot-men, and those lickely troopes,
Prevent a sally. I in mine owne person,
With part of the cavallery, will bid,
These hunters welcome to a bloody breakefast,
But I lose time.

Pier. I'll to my charge. Exit *Pierio.*

Gonz. And wee
To ours. I'll bring you on.

Iacom. If we come off
It is not amisse, if not, my state is setl'd. Exeunt, alarum.

Act. II. Scene. IIII.

Ferdinand. Druso. Lewis, above.

Fer. NO aydes from *Sicile*? Hath hope forsooke us?
And that vaine comfort to affliction, pitty
By our vow'd friend deni'd us? We can not liue,
Nor die with honor, like beasts in a toyle
Wee waite the leasure of the bloody hunter,
Who is not so fatre reconcil'd unto us,
As in one death to give a period
To our calamities, but in delaying
The fate wee cannot flie from, starv'd with wants,
Wee die this night to live againe to morrow,

And

And suffer greater torments.

Dosso. There is not
Three dayes provision for every soldiour,
At an ounce of bread a day left in the Citty.

Liv. To dye the beggers death with hunger, made
Anatomies while we live, cannot but cracke
Our heart-strings with vexation.

Ferd. Would they would breake,
Breake altogether, how willingly like *Cato*
Could I teare out my bowells, rather then
Looke on the conquerors insulting face,
But that religion, and the horrid dreame
To be suffer'd in the other world denyes it.
What newes with thee?

Enter *Souldier.*

Sould. From the turret of the fort
By the rising clouds of dust, through which, like lightning
The splendor of bright armes sometimes brake through,
I did descry some forces making towards us,
And from the campe, as emulous of their glory,
The Generall, (for I know him by his horse)
Tnd bravely seconded, encounter'd 'em.
Their greetings were to rough for friends, their swords
And not their tongues exchanging courtesies.
By this the maine Battalias are joyn'd,
And if you please to be spectators of
The horrid issue, I will bring you where
As in a Theater you may see their fates.
In purple gore presented.

Ferd. Heaven, if yet
Thou art appeas'd for my wrong done to *Aurelia*,
Take pitty of my miseries. Lead the way, friend.

Act. II. Scene. V.

A long charge after a Flourish for Victory.

Gonzaga. Iacomo. Roderigo wounded. Bertoldo. Gasparo. Anthonio Prisoners.

Gonz.

WE have 'em yet, though they cost vs deer. This was
Charg'd home, and bravely follow'd. Be to your
True mirrors to each others worth, and looking [selves
With noble Emulation on his wounds,
(The glorious Livery of triumphant war)
Imagine these with equall grace appease *To Iacomo and Roderigo.*
Vpon your selfe. The bloody sweat you have suffer'd
In this laborious, nay toyesome harvest,
Yeelds a rich crop of conquest, and the spoyle
Most precious balsum to a souldiers hurts
Will ease and cure 'em. Let me looke upon *To Gasparo*
The prisoners faces. O how much transform'd *and Anthon.*
From what they were. O *Mars*! were these toyes fashion'd
To undergoe the burthen of thy service?
The weight of their defensive armor bruis'd
Their weak, effeminate limbes, and would have foyl'd 'em
In a hot day without a blow to yeeld.

Anthe. This insultation shewes not manly in you.

Gonz. To men I had forborne it, y'are women,
Or at the best loose carpet knights, what fury
Seduc'd you to exchange your ease in Court
For labour in the field? Perhaps you thought,
To charge through dust, and blood, an armed foe,
Was but like gracefull running at the ring
For a wanton mistrisse glove, and the encounter
A soft impression on her lips. But you
Are gawdie butterflies, and I wrong my selfe

In

In parling with you.

Gaspa. Vavitta. Now we prove it.

Rod. But here's one fashion'd in another mould,
And made of tougher mettall.

Gonz. True, I owe him
For this wound bravely given. *Ber.* O that mountaines
Were heap'd upon me, that I might expire
A wretch no more remembred. *Gonz.* Look up Sr,
To be orecome deserves no shame. If you
Had falne ingloriously, or could accuse
Your want of courage in resistance, 'twere
To be lamented: But since you perform'd
As much as could be hop'd for from a man,
(Fortune his enemy) you wrong your selfe
In this direction. I am honor'd in
My victory ore you: but to have these
My prisoners, is in my true judgement rather,
Captivitie then a triumph; you shall finde
Faire quarter from me, and your many wounds
(Which I hope are not mortall) with such care
Lookt to, and cur'd, as if your neareſt friend
Attended on you. *Ber.* When you know me better,
You will make void this promise: Can you call me
Into your memory. *Gonz.* The brave *Bertoldo!*
A brother of our order! By Saint *Iohn*,
(our holy patron) I am more amaz'd,
Nay thunderstrooke, with thy Apostacy,
And præcipice from the most solemne vowes
Made vnto heaven, when this, the glorious badge
Of our redeemer was conferr'd upon thee,
By the great master, then if I had seene
A reprobate Iew, an Atheist, Turke, or Tartar
Baptiz'd in our religion.

Ber. This I look'd for,
And am resolv'd to suffer.

Gon. Fellow Souldiers,

Behold this man, and taught by his example
Know that 'tis safer far to play with lightning,
Then trifle in things sacred. In my rag *weeper,*
I shed these at the funerall of his vertue,
Faith and religion; why I will tell you
He was a gentleman, so trayn'd up, and fashion'd
For noble uses, and his youth did promise
Such certainties, more then hopes, of great atchievments,
As if the Christian world had stood oppos'd
Against the Ottoman race to trie the fortune
Of one encounter, this *Bertoldo* had beene
For his knowledge to direct, and matchles courage
To execute, without a rivall, by
The votes of good men chosen generall,
As the prime souldier, and most deserving,
Of all that weare the crosse, which now in justice
I thus teare from him,

Ber. Let me dye with it,
Vpon my breast.

Gouz. No, by this thou wer't sworne
On all occasions, as a knight to guard
Weake Ladies from oppression, and never
To draw thy sword against 'em, where as thou
In hope of gaine or glory, when a Princesse
And such a Princesse as *Aurelia* is,
Was dispossess'd by violence, of what was
Her true inheritance, against thine oth,
Hast to thy uttermost labour'd to uphold
Her falling enemie. But thou shalt pay
A heavy forfeiture, and learne too late,
Valour, imploy'd in an ill quarrell, turnes
To cowardice, and vertue then puts on
Foule vices vizard. This is that which cancells
All friendships bands between vs Beare 'em off
I will heare no replie. And let the ransome

Of

Of these, for they are yours, be highly rated.
In this I doe but right, and let it be
Stil'd justice, and not wilfull cruelty. *Exeunt.*

The end of the second Act.

ACT. III. SCENE. I.

Gonzaga, Astutio, Roderigo, Iacomo.

Gonzaga. WHat I have done Sr by the law of armes
I can, and will make good.
Astutio. I have no commission (speake
To expostulate the act. These letters
The King my Masters love to you, and his
vow'd service to the Duchesse, on whose person
I am to give attendance.
Gonz. At this instant.
Shee's at *Pienza*; you may spare the trouble.
Of riding thither: I have advertized her
Of our successe, and on what humble termes
Siena stands: though presently I can
Possesse it I deferre it, that shee may
Enter her owne, and as she please dispose of
The prisoners and the spoyle.
Astut. I thanke you, Sir.
I'the meane time, if I may have your licence,
I have a Nephew, and one once my ward
For whose liberties and ransomes, I would gladly
Make composition.
Gonz. They are, as I take it,
Call'd *Gaspero*, and *Antonio*,
Astut. The same, Sir,

Gonz. For them you must treat with these, but for *Bertoldo*,
He is mine owne, if the King will ransom him,
He payes downe fifty thousand crownes, if not
He lives, and dies my slave,
Astut. Pray you a word.
The King will rather thanke you to detaine him,
Then give one crowne to free him.
Gonz. At his pleasure.
I'll send the prisoners under guard, my businesse
Calls me another way. Exit *Gonzaga*.
Astut. My service waits you,
Now Gentlemen do not deale like Merchants with me,
But noble Captaines, you know in great mindes
Posse, & nolle nobile. *Rod.* Pray you speake
Our language.
Iacom. I finde not in my commission
An officers bound to speake or understand
More then his Mother tongue.
Roder. If hee speake that
After midnight 'tis remarkable.
Astu. In plaine termes then,
Antonio is your prisoner. *Gaspero* yours.
Iacom. You are i'the right.
Astu. At what summe doe you rate
Their severall ransomes.
Rod. I must make my market
As the commodity cost me.
Astut. As it cost you?
You did not buy your Captainship? your desert
I hope advanc'd you.
Rod. How? it well appeares
You are no souldier. Desert in these daies?
Desert may make a Serieant to a Colonel,
And it may hinder him from rising higher,
But if it ever get a company,
A company, pray you marke mee, without money

Or private ſervice done for the Generalls Miſtreſſe,
With a commendatory Epiſtle from her,
I will turne Lanſprizadoe.

Iacom. Pray you obſerve, Sir:
I ſerv'd two prentice ſhips, juſt foureteene yeere,
Trayling the puiſſant pike; and halfe ſo long
Had the right hand file, and I fought well, 'twas ſaid too:
But I might have ſerv'd, and fought, and ſerv'd tilldoomſday,
And never have carryed a flagge, but for the legacy
A buxſome widdow of threeſcore, bequeath'd mee.
And that too, my backe knowes, I labour hard for,
But was beter paid.

Aſtut. You are merry with your ſelves
But this is from the purpoſe.

Roder. To the point then.
Priſoners are not tane every day, and when
We have 'em we muſt make the beſt uſe of 'em.
Our pay is little to the part we ſhould beare,
And that ſo long a comming, that 'tis ſpent
Before we have it, and hardly wipes off ſcores
At the Taverne, and the Ordinary.

Iacom. You may adde to
Our ſport tooke up on truſt.

Roder. Peace, thou ſmocke vermin.
Diſcover commanders, ſecrets! In a word, Sir,
We have requir'd, and find our priſoners rich:
Two thouſand crownes a piece, our companies coſt vs,
And ſo much each of us will have, and that
In preſent pay.

Iacom. It is too little; yet
Since you have ſaid the word, I am content,
But will not goe a gazet leſſe.

Aſtut. Since you are not
To be brought lower, there is no evading,
I'll be your pay-maſter.

Roder. Wee deſire no better.

Aſſist. But not a word of what's agreed between us,
Till I have ſchoold my gallants.
Iacom. I am dumb, Sir.

Enter a guard: *Bertoldo, Anthonio, Gaſpero,* in yrons.

Bert. And where remov'd now? hath the Tyrant found out
Worſe uſage for us?
Antho. Worſe it cannot be.
My grewhound has freſh ſtraw, and ſcraps in his kennell,
But wee have neyther.
Gaſp. Did I ever thinke
To weare ſuch garters on ſilke ſtockings? or
That my too curious appetite, that turn'd
At the ſight of godwits, pheaſant, partidge, quales
Larkes, wood-cocks, caluerd ſammon, as courſe diet,
Would leape at a mouldy cruſt?
Antho. And goe without it;
So oft as I doe, O how haue I jeer'd
The City entertainment. A huge ſhoulder
Of glorious fat Ramme Mutton, ſeconded
With a paire of tame cats, or conies, a crabbe tart
With a worthy loyne of veale, and valiant Capon,
Mortifi'd to grow tender. Theſe I ſcorn'd
From their plentifull boorde of obſequence, though invited:
But now I could carry my owne ſtoole to a tripe,
And call their chitterlings charity, and bleſſe the founder.
Bertol. O that I were no further ſenſible
Of my miſeries then you are! you like beaſts
Feele onely ſtings of hunger, and complaine not
But when you are empty: but your narrow ſoules
(If you have any) cannot comprehend
How inſupportable the torments are,
Which a free and noble ſoule made captiue, ſuffers:
Moſt miſerable men! and what am I then,
That enuy you? Fetters though made of gold,

Expreſſe

Expreſſe baſe thraldome, and all delicates
Prepar'd by Median cookes for Epicures,
When not our owne, are bitter quilts fill'd high
With goſſamire and roſes, cannot yeeld
The body ſoft repoſe, the mind kep't waking
With anguiſh and affliction.

Aſſut. My good Lord.

Ber. This is no time, nor place for flatterry Sir,
Pray you ſtile me as I am, a wretch forſaken
Of the world, as my ſelfe.

Aſſut. I would it were
In me to helpe you.

Ber. If that you want power Sir,
Lip comfort cannot cure me, pray you leave mee
To mine owne private thoughts.

Aſſu. My valiant Nephew! *walketh by.*
And my more then warlike ward! I am glad to ſee you
After your glorious conqueſts. Are theſe chaines
Rewardes for your good ſervice? If they are
You ſhould weare 'em on your necks (ſince they are maſſie)
Like Aldermen of the war. *Anth.* You jeere us ſ

Gaſp. Good uncle name not (as you are a man of honor)
That fatall word of war, the very ſounde of't
Is more dreadfull then a Cannon.

Anth. But redeeme us
From this Captivitie, and I'll vow hereafter
Never to weare a ſword, or cut my meate
With a knife, that has an edge or point. I'll ſtarve firſt

Gaſp. I will crie broome or cats meate in *Palermo*;
Turne porter, carrie burthens; any thing,
Rather then live a ſouldier.

Aſſut. This ſhould have
Beene thought upon before. At what price thinke you
Your two wiſe heads are rated?

Anth. A calves head is
More worth then mine, I am ſure it had more braines in't

Or I had never come here.
Roder. And I will eate it
With bacon, if I have not ſpeedy ranſome.
Ans. And a little garlick too, for your own ſake Sir
'Twill boyle in your ſtomacke elſe.
Gaſp. Beware of mine
Or the hornes may choake you. I am married Sir.
Anthe. You ſhall have my row of houſes neare the pallace
Gaſp. And my vil'a all.
Anthe. All that we have. *To Aſtut.*
Aſtut. Well, have more wit hereafter
For this time you are ranſom'd.
Iacom. Off with their irons.
Rod. Do do. If you are ours again, you know your price.
Anthe. Pray you diſpatch us: I ſhall nere beleeve
I am a freeman, till I ſet my foote
In Sicilie agen, and drinke *Palermo*,
And in *Palermo* too.
Aſtut. The wind ſits faire,
You ſhall aboord to night with the riſing Sun
You may touch upon the coaſt. But take your leaves
Of the late Generall firſt.
Gaſp. I will be briefe.
Anthe. And I, my lord heaven keepe you.
Gaſp. Yours to uſe
In the way of peace, but as your ſouldiers never.
Anthe. A pox of war no more of war.
Ber. Have you *Exeunt Roderig. Iac. Anthonio. Gaſpare.*
Authority to looſe their bonds, yet leave
The brother of your King, whoſe worth diſdaines
Compariſon with ſuch as theſe, in irons?
If ranſome may redeeme them, I have landes,
A patrimony of mine owne aſſign'd me,
By my deceaſed fire to ſatisfie
What ere can be demanded for my freedome.
Aſtut. I wiſh you had Sir, but the king who yeelds

No

No reason for his will, in his displeasure
Hath seas'd on all you had; nor will *Genega*,
Whose prisoner now you are, accept of lesse
Then fiftie thousand crownes.

Ber. I finde it now
That misery nere comes alone. But grant
The King is yet inexorable, time,
May worke him to a feeling of my sufferings,
I have friends, that swore their lives and fortunes were
At my devotion, and among the rest
Your selfe my lord, when forfeited to the Law
For a foule murther, and in cold blood done,
I made your life my gift, and reconcil'd you
To this incensed king, and got your pardon.
Beware ingratitude. I know you are rich
And may pay downe the Sum.

Astut. I might my lord,
But pardon me.

Ber. And will *Astutio* prove then
To please a passionate man, the kings no more,
False to his maker and his reason? which
Commandes more then I aske? O summer friendship,
Whose flattering leaves that shaddowed us in
Our prosperity, with the least gust drop off
In th' Autumne of adversity! How like
A prison is to a grave! when dead we are
With solemne Pompe brought thither, and our heires,
(Masking their joy in false dissembled teares)
Weepe ore the hearse, but earth no sooner covers
The earth brought thither, but they turne away
With inward smiles, the dead no more remembred.
So enter'd in a prison. *Astut.* My occasions
Command me hence my lord.

Ber. Pray you leave me, doe;
And tell the cruell king, that I will weare
These fetters 'till my flesh, and they are one.

In-

Incorporated substance. In my selfe,
As in a glasse, I'll looke on humane frailty,
And curse the height of Royall blood: since I
In being borne neare to *Love*, am neare his thunder.
Cedars once shaken with a storme, their owne *Exit Astutio.*
Waight grubs their rootes out. Lead me where you please;
I am his, not fortunes martyr, and will dye
The great example of his cruelty.

Exit cum suis.

Act. III. Scene. II.

Adorni.

Adorn. HE undergoes my challenge, and contemnes it,
And threatens me with the late Edict made
'Gainst duellists, then altar cowards flie to.
But I that am ingag'd, and nourish in me
A higher aime then faire *Camiola* dreames of,
Must not sit down thus. In the court I dare not
Attempt him; and in publike, hee's so guarded
With a heard of Parasites, Clients, fooles and suitors,
That a musket cannot reach him, my designes
Admit of no delay. This is her birth-day,
Which with a fit and due solemnitie
Camiola celebrates; and on it, all such
As love or serve her, usually present
A tributary duty. I'll have something
To give, if my intelligence prove true,
Shall find acceptance. I am told, neare this grove,
Fulgentio very morning makes his makets
With his petitioners. I may present him
With a sharpe petition. Ha, 'tis he; my fate
Be ever blest'd for't.

Exit Fulgen.

Fulgen. Command such as waite me

Not

Not to presume at the least for halfe an houre
To presse on my retirements.
Page. I will say, Sir, you are at your prayers.
Fulg. That will not finde beliefe,
Courtiers have something else to do, be gon, Sir,
Ghalleng'd! 'tis well! and by a groome! still better!
Was this shape made to fight? I have a tongue yet,
How e'r no sword to kill him, and what way
This morning, I'll resolve of. Exit *Fulgentio.*
Adorn. I shall crosse
Your resolution, or suffer for you. Exit *Adorni.*

ACT. III. SCENE. III.

Camiola: divers servants with presents:
Sylli, Clarinda.

Sylli. WHat are all these?
Clar. Sevants with severall presents,
And rich ones too.
1. *Serv.* With her best wishes, Madam,
Of many such daies to you, the Lady *Pesula*
Presents you with this fanne.
2. *Serv.* This Diamond
From your Aunt *Honoria.*
3. *Serv.* This piece of plate
From your Vncle, old *Fulgentio*, with your armes
Graven upon it.
Cam. Good friends they are too.
Munificent in their love, and favour to me.
Out of my cabinet returne such jewells
As this directs you, for your paines; and yours;
Nor must you be forgotten. Honour mee
With the drinking of a health.
1. *Serv.* Gold on my life!

2. *Serv.* She ſcornes to give baſe ſilver.
3. *Serv.* VVould ſhe had beene
Borne every moneth in the yeere!
1. *Serv.* Moneth? every day.
2. *Serv.* Shew ſuch another maid.
3. All happineſſe wait you. Exeunt *Sylli, Clarinda, Servants.*
Sylli. I'll ſee your will done.
Cam. How, *Adorni* wounded? Enter *Adorni wounded.*
Ador. A ſcratch got in your ſervice, elſe not worth
Your obſervation; I bring not Madame
In honour of your birth-day, anticque plate,
Or pearle, for which the ſavage Indian dives
Into the bottome of the Sea; nor Diamonds
Hewne from ſteepe rockes with danger: Such as give
To thoſe that have what they themſelves want, aime at
A glad returne with profit: yet deſpiſe not
My offering at the altar of your favour;
Nor let the lowneſſe of the giver leſſen
The height of whats preſented. Since it is
A pretious jewell, almoſt forfeyted,
And dimn'd with clouds of infamy redeem'd
And in in its naturall ſplendor, with addition,
Reſtor'd to the true owner.
Cam. How is this?
Ador. Not to hold you in ſuſpence, I bring you, Madame,
Your wounded reputation cur'd, the ſting
Of virulent malice, feſtring your faire name,
Pluck'd out and trode on. That proud man, that was
Deny'd the honour of your bed, yet durſt
With his untrue reports, ſtrumpet your fame,
Compell'd by mee, hath given himſelfe the lye,
And in his owne blood wrote it, you may read
Fulgentio ſubſcrib'd,
Cam. I am amaz'd!
Adorn. It does deſerve it, Madam. Common ſervice
Is fit for hindes, and the reward proportion'd

To

To their conditions, Therefore looke not on mee
As a follower of your fathers fortunes, or
One that subsists on yours, you frowne ! my service
Merits not this aspect.

Cam. Which of my favours,
I might say bounties, hath begot, and nourish'd
This more then rude presumption? since you had
An itch to try your desperate valour, wherefore
Went you not to the warre? couldst thou suppose
My innocence could ever fall so low,
As to have need of thy rash sword to guard it
Against malicious slander? O how much
Those Ladies are deceiv'd and cheated, when
The clearnesse and integrity of their actions
Doe not defend themselves, and stand secure
On their owne bases? Such as in a colour
Of seeming service give protection to 'em,
Betray their owne strengths. Malice scorn'd, puts out
It selfe, but argu'd, gives a kinde of credit
To a false accusation. In this
This your most memorable service, you believ'd
You did me right, but you have wrong'd me more
In your defence of my undoubted honour.
Then false *Fulgentio* could.

Adorn. I am sorry, What
Was so well intended, is so ill receiv'd,
Yet under your correction you wish'd Enter *Clarinda*
Bertoldo had beene present.

Cam. True I did:
But he and you, Sir, are not parallells,
Nor must you thinke your selfe so.

Adorn. I am what
You'll please to have mee.

Cam. If *Bertoldo* had
Punish'd *Fulgentio's* insolence, it had showne
His love to her, whom in his judgement hee

Vouchsafe to make his wife. A height I hope
Which you dare not aspire to. The same actions
Sute not all men alike : but I perceive
Repentance in your lookes. For this time leave me
I may forgive, perhaps forget your folly,
Conceale your selfe till this storme be blowne over.
You will be sought for, yet for my estate *Gives him her hand to kisse.*
Can hinder it, shall not suffer in my sevice.

Ador. This is something yet, tho I mist the mark I shot at.

Cam. This Gentleman is of a noble temper. (Exit *Adorni.*
And I too harsh, perhaps in my reproofe,
Was I not *Clarinda?*

Clarind. I am not to censure
Your actions Madame : but there are a thousand
Ladies, and of good fame, in such a cause.
Would be proud of such a servant.

Cam. It may be ; Enter a *Servant.*
Let me offend in this kinde. Why uncall'd for ?

Serv. The Signiors, Madame, *Gaspare* and *Anthonio*,
(Selected friends of the renowned *Bertoldo*)
Put a shore this morning.

Cam. Without him ?

Serv. I thinke so.

Cam. Never thinke more then.

Serv. They have beene at Court.
Kiss'd the Kings hand; and there first duties done
To him, appeare ambitious to tender
To you their second service.

Cam. Waite 'em hither. Exeunt *Servant.*
Feare doe not racke me, reason, now if ever,
Haste with thy ayds, and tell me such a wonder,
As my *Bertoldo* is, with such care fashion'd, *Enter Anthonio. Gaspare. Serv.*
Must not, nay cannot, in hev'ns providence,
So soone miscarry; pray you forbeare, ere you
Take the priviledge, as strangers to salute mee,
(Excuse my manners) make me first understand,

How

How it is with *Bertoldo*?
Ber. The relation
Will not I feare deserve your thankes.
Anthe. I wish
Some other should informe you.
Cami. s he dead?
You see, though with some feare, I dare enquire it.
Gasp. Dead! Would that were the worst, a debt were pay'd (then,
Kings in their birth owe nature.
Cami. Is there ought
More terrible then death?
Anthe. Yes to a spirit
Like his. Cruell imprisonment, and that
Without the hope of freedome.
Cami. You abuse me,
The royall King cannot in love to vertue,
(Though all springs of affection were dri'd up)
But pay his ransome.
Gasp. When you know what 'tis
You will thinke otherwise; No lesse will do it
Then fifty thousand crownes.
Cam. A prettie sum,
The price waigh'd, with the purchase, 50. thousand?
To the King 'tis nothing. He that can spare more
To his minion for a masque, cannot but ransome
Such a brother at a million, you wrong
The Kings magnificence.
Anthe. In your opinion,
But 'tis most certaine. He does not alone
In himselfe refuse to pay it, but forbids
All other men.
Cam. Are you sure of this?
Gasp. You may reade
The edict to that purpose, publish'd by him,
That will resolve you.
Cami. Possible! pray you stand off,

If I doe not mutter treason to my selfe
My heart will breake; yet I will not curse him,
He is my king. The newes you have delivered,
Makes me wearie of your company, wee'll salute
When we meete next. I'll bring you to the dore.
Nay pray you no more 'complements.
Gasp. One thing more
And that's substantiall, Let your *Adorni.*
Looke to himselfe.
Antho. The king is much incens'd
Against him for *Fulgentio.*
Camio. As I am
For your slownesse to depart
Both. Farewell sweet Lady. *Exeunt Gasp. Antho.*
Cam. O more then impious times! when not alone
Subordinate Ministers of justice are
Corrupted, and seduc'd, but kings themselves,
(The greater wheeles by which the lesser move)
Are broken or disjointed; could it be else
A king, to sooth his politique ends, should so far
Forsake his honor, as at once to breake
Th'Adamant chaines of nature and religion,
To binde up Atheisme, as a defence
To his darke counsailes? will it ever be
That to deserve too much is dangerous,
And vertue, when too eminent a crime?
Must she serve fortune still? or when stripp'd of
Her gay, and glorious favours, loose the beauties
Of her owne naturall shape? O my *Berroldo!*
Thou onely Sun in honors Spheare, how soone
Art thou eclipsed and darkened! not the nearnesse
Of blood prevailing on the king; nor all
The benefits to the generall good dispens'd
Gayning a retribution! But that
To owe a courtesie to a simple Virgin
Would take from the deserving, I finde in me

Some

Som ſparks of fire, which fann'd with honors breath
Might riſe into a flame, and in men darken
Their uſurp'd ſplendor. Ha! my aime is high,
And for the honor of my ſex to fall ſo,
Can never prove inglorious. 'Tis reſolv'd:
Call in *Adorni*.

Clar. I am happy in
Such imployment, Madam. *Exit Clarin.*

Cam. Hee's a man,
I know that at a reverend diſtance loves me,
And ſuch are ever faithfull: What a Sea
Of melting ice I walke on! what ſtrange cenſures
Am I to undergoe! but good intents
Deride all future rumors.

Ador. I obey *Exit Clarin. & Adorn.*
Your ſummons, Madam.

Cami. Leave the place *Clarinda*,
One woman, in a ſecret of ſuch waight,
Wiſemen may thinke too much, nearer *Adorni*.
I warrant it with a ſmile.

Adorn. I cannot aske
Safer protection, what's your will?

Cami. To doubt
Your ready deſire to ſerve me, or prepare you
With the repetition of former merits,
Would in my diffidence wrong you. But I will
And without circumſtance, in the truſt that I
Impoſe upon you, free you from ſuſpition.

Adorn. I foſter none of you.

Cami. I know you do not,
You are *Adorni* by the love you owe me.

Adorn. The ſureſt conjuration.

Cami. Take me with you,
Love borne of duty, but advance noe further,
You are Sir as I ſayd to do me ſervice,
To undertake a taſke, in which your faith,

Indge-

Iudgement, diſcretion, in a word, your all
That's good, muſt be ingag'd, nor muſt you ſtudie
In the execution, but what may make
For the ends I aime at.

Adorn. They admit no rivalls.

Cam. You anſwer well, you have heard of *Bertoldo's*
Captivity? and the kings neglect? the greatneſſe
Of his ranſome, fiftie thouſand crownes, *Adorni*,
Two parts of my eſtate.

Ador. To what tends this?

Cam. Yet I ſo love the gentleman (for to you
I will confeſſe my weakneſſes) that I purpoſe
Now, when he is forſaken by the king,
And his owne hopes to ranſome him, and receive him
Into my boſome as my lawfull husband,
Why change you colour *Adorni ſtarts and*

Ador. 'Tis in wonder of *ſeems troubl'd*
Yont vertue, Madam.

Cami You muſt therefore to
Siena for mee, and pay to *Gonzaga*
This ranſome for his liberty, you ſhall
Have bills of exchange along with you. Let him ſweare
A ſolemne contract to me, for you muſt be
My principall witneſſe, if he ſhould. But why
Do I entertaine theſe jealouſies? you will do this?

Adorn. Faithfully, Madam. But not live long after *aſide*

Cam. One thing I had forgot. Beſides his freedome
He may want accomodations, furniſh him
According to his birth. And from *Camiola*
Deliver this kiſſe, printed on your lips *kiſſes him*
Seal'd on his hand! you ſhall not ſee my bluſhes,
I'll inſtantly diſpatch you. *Exit Camiola.*

Adorni. I am halfe
Hang'd out of the way already, was there ever
Poore lover ſo imploy'd againſt himſelfe
To make way for his rivall? I muſt doe it,

Nay

Nay more, I will. If loyalty can finde
Recompence beyond hope, or imagination
Let it fall on mee in the other world,
As a reward, for in this I dare not hope it. *Exit*

The end of the third Act.

ACT. IIII. SCENE. I.

Gonzaga, Pierio Roderigo, Iacomo.

Gonzaga. YOu haue seaz'd upon the Citadell, and dis-
All that could make resistance (arm'd
Pierio. Hunger had (souldiour
Done that before wee came; nor was the
Compell'd to seeke for prey the famish'd wretches,
In hope of mercy, as a sacrifice offer'd
All that was worth the taking.
Gonzag. You proclaim'd,
On paine of death, no violence should be offer'd
To any woman.
Rod. But it needed not,
For famine had so humbl'd 'em and tooke off
The care of their sexes honour, that there was not
So coy a beauty in the towne, but would
For halfe a mouldy bisket sell her selfe
To a poore besognion, and without shrieking.
Gonz. Where is the Duke of *Vrbin.*
Iacom. Vnder guard,
As you directed
Gonzag. See the Souldiers set
In ranke, and file, and as the Dutchesse passes
Bid 'em vaile their ensignes, and charge 'em on their lives
Not to cry whores.

Iacom. The divell cannot fright 'em
From their military licence, though they know
They are her subjects, and will part with being,
To do her service; yet since she is a woman,
They will touch at her britch with their tongues, and that is
That they can hope for. *A shout, and a generall cry within, whores, whores.*
Gon. O the divell! they are at it.
Hell, stoppe, their bawling throats; againe I make up
And cudgell them into jelly.
Roder. To no purpose,
Though their mouthes were there,
They would have the same name for 'em. *Exeunt.*

ACT. IIII. SCENE. XI.

Roderigo, Iacomo, Pierio, Gonzaga, Aurelia (under a Canopie) *Assus* presents her with letters, lowd musicke, shee reads the letters.

Gonzaga. I Doe beseech your highnesse not to ascribe
To the want of discipline, the barbarous rudenes
Of the souldier in his prophanation of
Your sacred name, and vertues
Aurelia. No, Lord Generall,
I have heard my father say oft, 'twas a custome,
Vsuall in the campe, nor are they to be punish'd
For words, that have in fact deserv'd so well.
Let the one excuse the other.
All. Excellent Princesse!
Aur. But for these aids from Sicily sent against us
To blast our spring of conquest in the bud:
I cannot find, my Lord Embassadour,
How we should entertaine't but as a wrong,
With purpose to detaine us from our owne.
How e'r the King endeavours in his letters
To mitigate the affront.

Assus.

Asot. Your grace hereafter
May heare from me such strong assurances
Of his unfeigned desires to serve you,
As will, I hope, drowne in forgetfulnesse
The memory of what's past.
Aurel. Wee shall take time
To search the depth of't further, and proceed
As our counsell shall direct vs.
Gonza. Wee present you
With the keyes of the City, all lets are remov'd,
Your way is smooth and easie, at your feet
Your proudest enemy falls.
Aurel. Wee thanke your valours
A victory without blood is twice atchiev'd,
And the disposure of it to us tender'd,
The greatest honor, worthy captains thanks.
My love extends it selfe to all
Gonz. Make way there. *Exeunt.*

A Guard made: Aurelia. passes through 'em. loud musicke.

Act. IIII. Scene. III.

Bertoldo with a small booke in fetters, *Taylor.*

Bertoldo. 'Tis here determin'd (great examples arm'd
With arguments produc'd to make it good)
That neither tyrants, nor the wrested lawes;
The peoples franticke rage, sad exile, want,
Nor that which I endure, captivity,
Can doe a wise man any injury;
Thus *Seneca*, when he wrot it, thought. But then
Fecility courted him; his wealth exceeding,
A private man's happy in the embraces
Of his chaste wife *Paulina*; his house full
Of childr, enclyents, servants, flattering friends
Soothing his lip-positions, and created
Prince of the Senate, by the generall voyce,

As his pupill newes ſuffrage : then no doubt
He held, and did believe this. But no ſooner
The Princes frownes, and iealoſies had throw'n him
Out of ſecurities lappe, and a centurion
Had offer'd him what choyce of death he pleas'd,
But told him dye he muſt: when ſtraight the armour
Of his ſo boaſted fortitude, fel off. *Throwes away the booke.*
Complaining of his frailtie: Can it then
Be cenſur'd womaniſh weakneſſe in mee, if
Thus clog'd with yrons, and the period
To cloſe up all calamities, deni'd mee,
(Which was preſented *Sruica*) I with
I ne'r had being, at leaſt, never knew
What happines was, or argue with heavens juſtice?
Tearing my locks, and in defiance throwing
Duſt in the ayre? or falling on the ground, thus
With my nayles, and teeth to digge a grave or rend
The bowells of the earth, my ſtepmother,
And not a naturall parent? or thus practiſe
To dye, and as I were inſenſible,
Believe I had no motion *lies on his face* Enter *Gonzaga*
Adorn. Taylor.
Gonz. There he is:
Ile not enquire by whom his ranſome's paid
I am ſatisfi'd that I have it: nor alleage
One reaſon to excuſe his cruell uſage,
As you may interpret it, let it ſuffice
It was my will to have it ſo, he is yours now,
Diſpoſe of him as you pleaſe. Exit *Gonzaga.*
Adorn. How e'r I hate him,
As one preferr'd before me, being a man,
He does deſerve my pitty. Sir, he ſleepes:
Or is he dead? would hee were a Saint in heaven;
'Tis is all the hurt I wiſh him. But was not *Kneeles by*
Borne to ſuch happineſſe. No he breaths, come neer. *(him.*
And if't be poſſible, without his feeling
Take off his yrons, ſo, now leave us privat. *His yrons taken off.*
He does begin to ſtir, and as tranſported Exit *Taylor.*

With a joyfull dreame, how he ſtares! and feeles his legges,
As yet uncertaine, whether it can be
True or phantaſticall.
Ber. Miniſters of mercy
Mocke not calamitie. Ha! 'tis no viſion!
Or if it be, the happieſt that ever
Appear'd to ſinfull fleſh! who's here? His face
Speakes him *Adorni*! but ſome glorious Angell
Concealing its divinity in his ſhape,
Hath done this miracle, it being not an act
For wolviſh man. Reſolve me, if thou look'ſt for
Bent knees in adoration?
Adorn. O forbeare Sir,
I am *Adorni*, and the inſtrument
Of your deliverance; but the benefit
You owe another.
Ber. If he has a name,
Aſſoone as ſpoken, 'tis writ on my heart,
I am his bond-man.
Ador. To the ſhame of men,
This great act is a womans.
Ber. The whole ſex
For her ſake muſt be deifi'd. How I wander
In my imagination, yet cannot
Gheſſe who this *Pharmx* ſhould be!
Ador. 'Tis *Camiola*.
Ber. Pray you ſpeake't againe, there's muſicke in her name
Once more I pray you Sir.
Ador. Camiola,
The Maid of honor.
Ber. Curs'd Atheiſt that I was,
Onely to doubt it could be any other,
Since ſhe alone in the abſtract of her ſelfe,
That ſmall, but raviſhing ſubſtance comprehends
What ever it, or can be wiſhed, in the
Indea of a woman. O what ſervice,
Or ſacrifice of duty can I pay her!

If not to live, and dye her charities slave,
Which is resolv'd already.

Adorn. She expects not
Such a dominion ore you yet ere I
Deliver her demands, give me your hand:
On this, as she enjoyn'd me, with my lips
I print her love and service by me sent you.

Bert. I am orewhelm'd with wonder!

Ador. You must now
(Which is the sum of all that she desires)
By a solemne contract bind your selfe, when she
Requires it as a debt, due for your freedome
To marrie her.

Ber. This does ingage me further,
A payment! an increase of obligation!
To marry her! 'twas my *nil ultra* ever!
The end of my ambition! O that now
The holy man, she present, were prepar'd
To joyne our hands, but with that speed, my heart
Wishes, mine eyes might see her.

Adorn. You must sweare this.

Ber. Swear it? Collect all oaths, and imprecations
Whose least breach is damnation, and those
Ministred to me in a forme more dreadfull,
Set heaven, and hell before me, I will take 'em;
False to *Camiola*? Never. Shall I now
Begin my vowes to you?

Ador. I am no Church-man,
Such a one must file it on record, you are free,
And that you may appeare like to your selfe
(For so she wish'd) her's gold with which you may
Redeeme your trunckes and servants, and what ever
Of late you lost. I have found out the Capeaine
Whose spoyle they were. His name is *Rodrigo*.

Ber. I know him.

Ador. I have done my parts.

Ber. So much Sir

As I am ever your's for't, now me thinkes
I walke in ayre! divine *Camiola*,
But words cannot expresse thee. I'll build to thee
An altar in my soule, on which I'll offer
A still increasing sacrifice of duty. *Exit Ber.*
Ador. What will become of me now is apparant!
Whether a poniard, or a halter be
The neareſt way to hell (for I muſt thither)
After I have kill'd my ſelfe, is ſomewhat doubtfull?
This Roman reſolution of ſelfe-murther,
Will not hold water, at the high Tribunall,
When it comes to be argu'd: my good Genius
Prompts me to this conſideration. He
That kills himſelfe, to avoid miſery, feares it,
And at the beſt ſhewes but a baſtard valour,
This life's a fort committed to my truſt,
Which I muſt not yeeld up, till it be forc'd,
Nor will it Hee's not valiant that dares dy,
But he that boldly beares calamitie. *Exit*

Act. IV. Scene. IV.

A Flouriſh.

Pietro. Roderigo. Iacomo. Gonzago. Aurelia. Ferdinand. Attutio. Attendants.

Aurelia. A Seat here for the Duke. It is our glory
To overcom with courteſies, not rigor:
To Lordly Roman, who held it the height
Of humane happineſſe, to have kings and Queenes
To wait by his triumphant chariot wheeles
In his inſulting pride, deprivd himſelfe
Of drawing neare the nature of the gods,
Beſt known for ſuch, in being merciſull,

Yet

Yet give me leave, but ſtill with gentle language,
And with the freedome of a friend to tell you,
To ſeeke by force, what courtſhip could not win,
was not harſh, and never taught in loves milde ſchoole.
Wiſe Poets faine that Venus coach is draw'n
By doues, and ſparrowes, not by beares, and tygres.
Ferd. I ſpare the application.
In my fortune,
Heav'ns juſtice hath confirm'd it, yet great Lady,
Since my offence grew from exceſſe of love,
And not to be reſiſted, having paid too,
With the loſſe of liberty, the forfeyture
Of my preſumption, in your clemency
It may finde pardon
Aurel. You ſhall have juſt cauſe
To ſay it hath. The charge of the long ſiege
Defraid, and the loſſe my ſubjects have ſuſtain'd
Made good, ſince ſo farre I muſt deale with caution,
You have your liberty
Ferd. I could not hope for gentler conditions.
Aurel. My Lord *Gonzaga*.
Since my comming to *Siena*, I haue heard much
Of your priſoner; brave *Bertoldo*.
Gonza. Such an one, Madam, I had.
Aſtut. And have ſtill, Sir, I hope.
Gonz. Your hopes deceive you. He is ranſom'd, Madame,
Aſtut. By whom, I pray you, Sir.
Gonzag. You had beſt enquire
Of your intelligencer. I am no informer.
Aſtut. I like not this.
Aurel. He is, as 'tis reported,
A goodly gentleman, and of noble parts,
A brother of your order,
Gonzaga. Her was, Madam,
Till he againſt his oath wrong'd you, a princeſſe,
Which his religion bound him from.
Aurel. Great mindes

For

For tryall of their valours oft maintaine
Quarrells that are vniust, yet without malice.
And such a faire construction I make of him.
I would see that brave enemy;
Gonzaga. My duty
Commands me to seeke for him.
Aur. Pray you doe:
And bring him to our presence. Exit *Gonzaga.*
Astut. I must blast
His entertainment; may it please your excellency,
He is a man debauch'd, and for his riots
Cast off by the King my Master, and that, I hope, is
A crime sufficient.
Ferd. To you his subjects,
That like as your king likes Enter *Gonzaga, Bertoldo,*
richly habited, Adorni.
Aurel. But not to us;
We must waigh with our owne scale. This is he, sure:
How soone mine eye had found him! what a port
He beares! how well his bravery becomes him!
A prisoner! nay, a princly suter rather!
But I am too sudden.
Gon. Madame, 'twas his suite,
Vnsent for, to present his service to you,
Ere his departure.
Aurel. With what Majesty
He beares himselfe!
Astut. The divell I thinke supplies him,
Ransom'd, and thus rich too!
Aurel. You ill deserve *Ferdinand kneeling, kisses her*
The favour of our hand; we are not well,
Give us more ayre.
Gonz. What sudden qualme is this?
Aurel. That lifted youre hand against mine.
Bertol. Thus once more,
I sue for pardon.
Aur. Sure his lips are poyson'd, *Aside.*
And through these veines, force passage to my heart

Which is already fear'd upon.

Bertol. I wait, Madam,
To know what your commands are; my designes
Exact me in another place.

Aurel. Before
You have our licence to depart; if manners,
Civility of manners cannot teach you
T'attend our leasure, I must tell you, Sir,
That you are still our prisoner, nor had you
Commission to free him.

Gonz. How's this, Madam?

Aurel. You were my substitute, and wanted power
Without my warrant to dispose of him.
I will pay backe his ransome ten times over,
Rather then quit my interest.

Bertol. This is
Against the law of armes.

Aur. But not of love: *Aside.*
Why, hath your entertainment, Sir, beene such
In your restraint, that with the wings of feare
You would flie from it?

Bertol. I know no man, Madame,
Enamour'd of his fetters, or delighting
In cold or hunger, or that would in reason
Preferre straw in a dungeon, before
A downe bed in a Palace.

Aurel. How, come neerer;
Was his usage such?

Gonz. Yes, and it had beene worse,
Had I foreseene this.

Aur. O thou misshap'd monster!
In thee it is confirm'd, that such as have
No share in natures bounties, know no pitty
To such as have: could I looke on him with my eyes,
And answer then, whether this were a man,
Whose cheekes of lovely fulnesse should be made
A prey to meagre famine? or these eyes

Whose

Whose every glance store *Cupids* emptied quiver,
To be dimm'd with tedious watching? or these lips,
These rudie lips, of whose fresh colour, cherries
And roses were but coppies, should grow pale
For want of Nectar? or these legges that beare
A burthen of more worth, then is supported
By *Atlas* wearied shoulders, should be cramp'd
With the weight of yron? O I could dwell ever
On this description!

Bertoldo. Is this in dirision
Or pitty of me?

Aurel. In your charity
Beleeve me innocent. Now you are my prisoner
You shall have fairer quarter, you will shame
The place where you have beene, should you now leave it
Before you are recover'd. I'll conduct you
To more convenient lodgings, and it shall be
My care to cherish you. Repine who dare;
It is our will. Youle follow mee?

Bertoldo. To the centre,
Such a *Sybille* guiding me. Exeunt *Aurelia, Bertoldo.*

Gonz. Who speakes first?

Ferd. We stand as we had seen *Medusa* head! *All amaz'd.*

Pierio. I know not what to thinke, I am so amaz'd!

Roder. Amaz'd! I am thunderstroake!

Iacom. Wee are inchaunted,
And this is some illusion.

Adorn. Heav'n forbid!
In darke despaire, it shewes a beame of hope.
Containe thy joy, *Adorni.*

Astut. Such a Princesse,
And of so long experienc'd reservednesse
Breake forth, and on the sudden, into flashes
Of more then doubted loosenesse.

Gonz. They come againe,
Smiling, as I live: His arme circling her waist:
I shall runne mad: Some fury hath possess'd her.

If I speake, I may be blasted. Ha, I'll mumble
A prayer or two, and crosse my selfe, and then
Though the divell fart fire, have at him.

Aurel. Let not, Sir,
The violence of my passions nourish in you
An ill opinion; or grant my carriage
Out of the rode, and garbe of private women,
'Tis still done with decorum. As I am
A Princesse, what I doe, is aboue censure,
And to be imitated.

Bertoldo. Gracious Madam,
Vouchsafe a little pawse, for I am so rapt
Beyond my selfe, that 'till I have collected
My scatter'd faculties, I cannot tender
My resolution.

Aurel. Consider of it,
I will not be long from you.

Bertoldo walking by musing.

Gonzaga. Pray I cannot!
This curst object strangles my devotion:
I must speake, or I burst. Pray you faire Lady,
If you can in courtesie, direct mee to
The chaste *Aurelia*.

Aurel. Are you blinde? who are wee?

Gonz. Another kind of thing. Her blood was govern'd
By her discretion, and not rul'd her reason:
The reverence and Majesty of *Iuno*
Shinde in her lookes, and comming to the campe,
Appear'd a second *Pallas*. I can see
No such divinities in you. If I
Without offence may speake my thoughts, you are,
As it were, a wanton *Helen*.

Aurelia. Good, ere long
You shall know mee better.

Gonz. Why, if you are *Aurelia*,
How shall I dispose of the Souldier?

Astut. May it please you
To hasten my dispatch?

Aurel. Prefer your suites
Vnto *Bertoldo*, we will give him hearing,
And you'll finde him your best advocate. *Exit Aurelio.*
Astut. This is rare!
Gonz. What are we cleane out?
Roder. Growne up in a moment
A favorite!
Ferdi. He does take state already.
Ber. No, no, it cannot be, yet but *Camiola*,
There is no stop betweene me and a crowne,
Then my ingratitude! a sinne in which
All sinnes are comprehended! Aide me vertue,
Or I am lost.
Gonz. May it please your excellence
Second me, Sir.
Ber. Then my so horrid oathes,
And hell-deepe imprecations made against it.
Astu. The king your brother will thank you for dividing
Of his affaires
Bertol. And yet who can hold out
Against such batteries, as her power and greatnesse
Raise up against my weake defences!
Gonz. Sir, *Enter Aurelio.*
Doe you dreame waking, Slight, shee's here againe.
Ber. Walkes she on woollen feet?
Aurel. You dwell too long
In your deliberation, and come
With a cripples pace to that which you should fly to.
Ber. It is confest, yet why should I hesitate
From you, that hazard all to my poore nothing,
By false play send you off a looser from me?
I am already too too much ingag'd
To the king my brothers anger; and who knowes
But that his doubts, and politick feares, should you
Make me his equall, may draw war upon
Your territories, were that breach made up

I should with joy embrace, what now I feare
To touch but with due reverence.
Aurel. That hinderance
Is easily remov'd. I owe the king
For a royall visit, which I straight will pay him,
And having first reconcil'd you to his favour,
A dispensation shall meete with us,
Ber. I am wholly yours.
Aure. On this booke seale it.
Gon. What hand and lip too, then the bargaine's sure,
You have no imployment for me?
Aurel. Yes *Gonzago*,
Provide a royall ship.
Gonz. A ship? Saint *Iohn*,
Whither are we bound now?
Aurel. You shall know hereafter,
My lord your pardon, for my too much trenching
upon your patience.
Aure. Camiola. *Whispers to Bertoldo*
Aurel. How doe you
Ber. Indispos'd, but I attend you. *Exeunt*
Adorn. The heavie curse that waites on perjurie,
And foule ingratitude, pursue thee ever.
Yet why from me this? In this breach of faith
My loyalty findes reward! what poysons him
Proves Mithridate to me! I have perform'd
All she commanded punctually, and now
In the cleare mirrour of my truth, she may
Behold his falsehood. O that I had wings
To beare me to *Palermo*! This once knowne,
Must change her love into a just disdaine,
And worke her to compassion of my paine.

Exit

ACT.

Act. IV. Scene. V.

Sylli. Camiola. Clarinda. At severall doores.

Syll. Vndone! vndone! poore I that whilome was
The top and ridge of my house, am on the sudden
Turn'd to the pittifullest animal
Of the lignage of the *Sylleis!*
Cami. What's the matter?
Syl. The king! breake gyrdle, breake!
Cami. Why? what of him?
Syl. Hearing how far you doted on my person,
Growing envious of my happines, and knowing
His brother, nor his favorite *Fulgentio*,
Could get a sheepes eie from you, I being present,
Is come himselfe a suitor, with the awie
Of his authoritie to bore my nose,
And take you from me, Oh, oh, oh.
Cam. Do not rore so;
The king!
Syl. The king! yet loving *Sylli* is not
So sorrie for his owne, as your misfortune,
If the king should carrie you, or you beare him,
What a looser should you be? He can but make you
A queene, and what a simp'e thing is that
To the being my lawfull spouse. The world can never
Affoord you such a husband.
Cami. I beleeve you,
But how are you sure the king is so inclin'd?
Did not you dreame this?
Syl. With these eyes I saw him
Dismisse his traine, and lighting from his coach,
Whispering *Fulgentio* in the eare.
Cam. If so

I gheſſe the buſineſſe
Syl. It can be no other
But to give me the bob, that being a matter
Of maine importance, yonder they are, I dare not
Be ſeene, I am ſo deſperate, if you forſake me, *Exit Rob. Ful.*
Send me word that I may prouide a willow ghyrlond
To weare when I drowne my ſelfe. O *Syli*, ô *Syli*! *Exit*
Ful. It will be worth your paines Sir to obſerve *crying*
The conſtancie and bravery of her ſpirit,
Though great men tremble at your frowne, I dare
Hazzard my head, your majeſty ſet off
With terror, cannot fright her.
Robert. May ſhe anſwer
My expectation.
Fulgen. There ſhe is. *Cam.* My knees thus
Bent to the earth (while my vowes are ſent upward
For the ſafety of my Soveraigne) pay the duty
Due for ſo great an honor, in this favour
Done to your humbleſt hand-maid.
Robert. You miſtake me,
I come not (Lady) that you may report,
The king to do you honor, made your houſe
(He being there) his court, but to correct
Your ſtubborne diſobedience. A pardon
For that, could you obtaine it, were well purchaſed
With this humilitye. *Cam.* A pardon Sir?
'Till I am conſcious of an offence,
I will not wrong my innocence to begge one,
What is my crime Sir? *Rob.* Look on him I favour,
By you ſcorn'd and negelected. *Cam.* Is that all Sr.
Rober. No minion, though that were too much. How can you
Anſwer the ſetting on your deſperate brane
To murther him?
Cam. With your leave, I muſt not kneele Sir.
While I replie to this, But thus riſe up
In my defence, and tell you as a man
(ſince when you are unjuſt, the diety

which

Which you may challenge as a King, parts from you
'Twas never read in holy writ, or morrell,
That subjects on their loyalty were oblig'd
To love their Soveraignes vices, your grace, Sir,
To such an undeserver is no vertue.

Fulgen. What thinke you now Sir?

Cam. Say you should love wine,
You being the King, and cause I am your subject,
Must I be ever drunke? Tyrants, not Kings
By violence, from humble vassalls force
The liberty of their fauces. I could not love him.
And to compell affection, as I take it,
Is not found in your prerogative.

Rob. Excellent virgin!
How I admire her confidence?

Cam. He complaines
Of wrong done him: but be no more a King,
Unlesse you do me right. Burns your decrees,
And of your lawes and statutes make a fire
To [illegible] of [illegible]
If he escape unpunish'd. Doe your [illegible]
Call it death in any man that breaks into
Anothers house to rob him, though of trifles,
And shall *Fulgentio*, your *Fulgentio* live?
Who hath committed more then sacriledge
In the pollution of my cleare fame
By his malicious slanders.

Rob. Have you done this?
Answer truely on your life.

Fulgen. In the heat of blood
Some such thing I reported.

Rob. Out of my sight,
For I vow, if by true penitence thou win not
This injur'd Lady to sue out thy pardon,
Thy grave is digg'd already.

Fulgen. By my owne folly
I have made a faire hand of't. *Exit Fulgen.*

Rob. You shall know Lady

While I wore a crowne, justice shall use her sword
To cut offenders off, though necrest to us.
Cam. I, now you shew whose Deputy you are,
I now I hath your feet with teares, it cannot
Be censur'd superstition.
Rob. You must rise.
Rise in our favour, and protection ever! *Rises her.*
Cam. Happy are subjects! when the prince is still
Guided by justice, not his passionate will. *Exeunt.*

The end of the fourth Act.

ACT. V. SCENE. I.

Camiola. Sylli.

Cam. YOu see how tender I am of the quiet
And peace of your affection, and what great
I put off in your favour.
Sylli. You doe wisely,
Exceeding wisely! and when I have said,
I thanke you for't, be happy.
Cam. And good reason,
In having such a blessing. *Syl.* When you have it,
But the baite is not yet ready. Stay the time,
While I triumph by my selfe, King, by your leave,
I have wip'd your royall nose, without a naphin,
You may cry willow, willow, for your brother,
I'll onely say goe by; for my fine favourite,
He may graze where he please, his pas may water
Like a puppies ore a frementy pot, while *Sylli.*
Out of his two-leav'd cherry-stone dish drinkes *Nectar.*
I cannot hold out any longer; how'n forgive me;
'Tis not the first oath, I have broke, I must take
A little for a preparative. *Offers to kisse & embrace her.*
Cam. By no meanes.

If you forsweare your selfe we shall not prosper.
I'll rather loose my longing.
Sylli. Pretty soule!
How carefull it is of me! let me busse yet
Thy little dainty foot for't: that I am sure
Is out of my oath.
Cam. Why, if thou canst dispense with't
So farre, I'll not be scrupulous, such a favour
My amorous shoemaker steales.
Syl. O most rare leather! *Kisses her shoes often.*
I doe begin at the lowest, but in time
I may grow higher.
Cam. Fie, you dwell too long there.
Rise, pre thee rise. *Enter Clarinda hastily.*
Syl. O I am up already.
Cam. How I abuse my houres! what newes with thee now?
Clar. Off with that gowne, 'tis mine, mine by your promise
Signior Ador. is return'd! now upon entrance;
Off with it, off with it, Madam.
Cam. Be not so hasty,
When I goe to bed 'tis thine.
Syl. You have my grant too;
But doe you heare Lady, though I give way to this,
You must hereafter take my leave before
You part with things of moment.
Cam. Very good,
When I am yours, I will be govern'd.
Syl. Sweet obedience! *Ent. Ador.*
Cam. You are well return'd.
Ador. I wish that the successe
Of my service had deserv'd it.
Cam. Lives *Bertoldo*?
Ador. Yes, and return'd with safety.
Cam. 'Tis not then
In the power of fate to adde to, or take from
My perfit happinesse: and yet he should
Have made me his first visit. *Ador.* So I think too.
But he

Syl. Durst not appeare, I being present,
That's his excuse, I warrant you.
Cam. Speake, where is he?
With whom? who hath deserv'd more from him? or
Can be of equall merit? I in this
Doe not except the King.
Ador. Hee's at the Palace
With the Dutchesse of *Siena*. One coach brought 'em hither,
Without a third. Hee's very gracious with her,
You may conceive the rest.
Cam. My jealous feares
Make me to apprehend.
Ador. Pray you dismisse
Signior wisdome, and I'll make relation to you
Of the particulars.
Cam. Servant, I would have you
To haste unto the Court.
Syl. I will out-runne
A foote-man for your pleasure.
Cam. There observe
The Dutchesse traine and entertainment.
Syl. Feare not,
I will discover all that is of weight
To the liveries of her Pages, and her footemen.
This is fit imployment for me. *Exit Syl.*
Cam. Gracious with
The Dutchesse! sure you said so?
Ador. I will use
All possible brevity to enforme you, Madam,
Of what was trusted to me, and discharg'd
With faith and loyall duty.
Cam. I beleeve it;
You ransom'd him, and suppli'd his wants imagine
That is already spoken; and what vowes
Of service he made to me is apparent;
His joy of me, and wonder too perspicuous;
Does not your story end so?
Ador. Would the end

Had answered the beginning, in a word,
Ingratitude, and perjury at the height
Cannot expresse him.

Cam. Take heed. *Ador.* Truth is arm'd
And can defend it selfe. It must out, Madam.
I saw, the presence full, the amorous Duchesse
Kisse and embrace him, on his part accepted
With equall ardour, and their willing hands
No sooner joyn'd, but a remove was publish'd,
And put in execution. *Cam.* The proofes are
Too pregnant. *O Bertoldo!*

Ador. Hee's not worth
Your sorrow, Madam.

Cam. Tell mee, when you saw this
Did not you grieve as I do now to heare it?

Ador. His precipice from goodnesse raising mine,
And serving as a foyle to set my faith off,
I had little reason.

Cam. In this you confesse
The divelish malice of your disposition:
As you were a man, you stood bound to lament it,
And not in flattery of false your hopes
To glory in it: when good men pursue
The path mark'd out by vertue, the bless'd Saints
With joy looke on it, and Seraphique Angels
Clap their celestiall wings in heavenly plaudits,
To be a scene of grace so well presented,
The fiends and men made up of envy mourning:
Where as now on the contrary as far
As their divinity can partake of passion,
With me they weepe, beholding a faire Temple
Built in *Bertoldo's* loyalty turn'd to ashes
By the flames of his inconstancy, the damn'd
Rejoycing in the object: 'Tis not well
In you *Adorni.*

Adorni. What a temper dwells
In this rare Virgin, can you pitty him,
That hath shown none to you?

Cam. I must not be
Cruell by his example, you perhaps,
Expept now I should seeke recovery
Of what I have lost by teares, and with bent knees
Begge his compassion. Nor my towring vertue
From the assurance of my merit scornes
To stoope so low. I'll take a nobler course,
And confident in the justice of my cause,
The King his brother, and new Mistresse, judges,
Ravish him from her armes, you have the contract
In which he swore to marry her?

Adorn. 'Tis here Madam.

Cam. He shal be then against his will my husband,
And when I have him, I'll so use him, doubt not,
But that your honesty being unquestion'd,
This writing with your testimony clearest all.

Ador. And buries me in the darke mists of error.

Cam. I'll presently to Court, pray you give order
For my caroch.

Adorn. A cart for mee were fitter
To hurry me to the gallowes *Exit Adorni.*

Cam. O false men!
Inconstant! perjur'd! my good Angell helpe mee
In these my extremities! *Enter Syll.*

Sylli. If you ever will see brave sight,
Lose it not now. *Bertaldo*, and the Dutchesse
Are presently to be married. There's such pompe
And preparation.

Cam. If I marry, 'tis
This day or never.

Sylli. Why with all my heart,
Though I break this, I'll keep the next oath I make
And then it is quit.

Cam. Follow mee to my Cabinet,
You know my confessor, Father *Paulo*?

Syll. Yes. Shall he
Doe the feate for us?

Cam. I will give in writing

Directions to him, and attire my selfe
Like a Virgin-bride, and something I will doe
That shall deserve mens praise, and wonder too.
Syl. And I to make all know, I am not shallow
Will have my points of Cinchillacale and yellow. *Exeunt.*

ACT. V. SCENE. II.

Lowd Musicke.

Astutio. Gonzaga. Roderigo. Iacamo. Petrio. Roberto. Bertoldo. Aurelia. Bishop. with Attendants.

Robert. HAd our division beene greater, Madam,
Your clemency, the wrong being done to you,
In pardon of it, be the veil of concord
Must make a perfect union, once more
With a brotherly affection we receive you
Into our favour. Let it be your study
Hereafter to deserve this blessings farre
Beyond your merit.
Bertol. As the Princesse grace
To me is without limit, my endeavours
With all obsequiousnesse to serve her pleasures
Shall know no bounds, nor will I being made
Her husband, forget the duty that
I owe her as a servant.
Aurel. I expect not
But faire equality, since I well know
If that superiority be due
'Tis not to me, When you are made my owner
All the prerogatives of my high birth cancell'd
I'll practise the obedience of a wife,
And freely pay it. Queenes themselves, if they
Make choice of their inferiours, only aiming
To feed their sensuall appetites, and to raigne
Over their husbands, in some kinde commit

Au-

Authoriz'd whoredome, nor will I be guilty
In my intent of such a crime.
Gonza. This done,
As it is promis'd, Madam, may well stand for
A president to great women: but when once
The griping hunger of desire is cloyd,
(And the poore foole advanc'd, brought on his knee
Most of your Eagle breed, I'll not say all
(Ever excepting you) challenge again,
What in hot blood they parted from.
Aurel. You are ever,
An enemy of our sex, but you I hope Sir
Have better thoughts.
Ber. I dare not entertaine
An ill one of your goodnesse.
Rob. To my power
I will enable him to prevent all danger
Envy can raise against your choice. One word more
Touching the Articles. *Enter Fal. Cam. Syl.*
Fulgen. In you alone *Aurel.*
Lie all my hopes, you can or kill or save me,
But pitty in you, will become you better,
(Though I confesse in justice 'tis deni'd me)
Then too much rigor.
Cam. I will make your peace
As far as it lyes in me, but must first
Labour to right my selfe.
Aurel. Or adde or alter
What you thinke fit. In him I have my all,
Heaven make me thankfull for him.
Rob. On to the Temple
Cam. Stay royall Sir, and as you are a King
Erect one here, in doing justice to
An injur'd mayd.
Aurel. How's this? *Ber.* O I am blasted!
Rob. I have given som proofe, sweet Lady, of my prompt-
To doe you right, you need not therefore doubt me, (nes
And rest assur'd, that this great worke dispatch'd,
You shall have audience and satisfaction.

To

To all you can demand.

Cam. To doe mee justice
Exacts your present care, and can admit
Of no delay. If e'r my cause be heard
In favour of your brother, you goe on Sir,
Your scepter cannot right mee. Hee's the man,
The guilty man, whom I accuse, and you
Stand bound in duty, as you are Supreame,
To be impartiall. Since you are a Iudge,
As a Delinquent, looke on him, and not
As on a brother; justice painted blinde
Inferres, her Ministers are oblig'd to heare
The cause and truth, the Iudge determine of it,
And not sway'd, or by favour, or affection,
By a false glosse, or wrested comment alter
The true intent, and letter of the law.

Ro. Nor will I Madam,

Aurel. You seeme troubl'd, Sir,

Gonz. His colour changes too.

Cam. The alteration
Growes from his guilt. The goodnesse of my cause
Begets such confidence in mee, that I bring
No hir'd tongue to plead for mee, that with gay
Rhetoricall flourishes may palliate
That, which stripp'd naked, will appeare deform'd,
I stand here, mine owne advocate; and my truth
Deliver'd in the plainest language, will
Make good it selfe, nor will I, if the King
Give suffrage to it, but admit of you,
My greatest enemy, and this stranger Prince,
To sit assistants with him.

Aurel. I ne'r wrong'd you.

Cam. In your knowledge of the injury, I believe it,
Nor will you in your justice, when you are
Acquainted with my interest in this man
Which I lay claime to.

Roberto. Let us take our seats,
What is your title to him?

Cam. By this contract
Seal'd solemnely before a reveren'd man,
I challenge him for my husband.
Sylli. Ha, was I
Sent for the Frier, for this? O *Sylli*! *Sylli*!
Some cordiall, or I faint.
Rober. This writing is
Authenticall.
Awol. But done in heat of blood,
(Charm'd by her flatteries, as no doubt he was)
To be dispens'd with.
Ferd. Adde this, if you please,
The distance and disparity betweene
Their births and fortunes.
Cam. What can inocence hope for
When such as sit her jugdes, are corrupted!
Disparity of birth, or fortune urge you?
Or *Syren* charmes? or at his best in mee,
Wants to deserve him? Call some few daies backe,
And as he was, consider him, and you
Must grant him my inferiour. Imagine
You saw him now in fetters with his honour,
His liberty lost; with her blacke wings despaire
Circling his miseries, and his *Gonzaga*
Trampling on his afflictions; the great summe
Propos'd for his redemption; the King
Forbidding payment of it; this neere kinsmen,
With his protesting followers, and friends,
Falling off from him; by the whole world forsaken;
Dead to all hope, and buried in the grave
Of his calamities, and then waigh duly
What she deserv'd (whose merits now are doubted)
That as his better Angell in her bounties
Appeard unto him, his great ransome pai'd,
His wants, and with a prodigall hand suppli'd,
Whether then being my manumised slave,
Hee ow'd not himselfe to mee?
Awol. Is this true?

Roberto.

Roberto. In his silence 'tis acknoledg'd
Gonzag. If your want
A witnesse to this purpose, I'll depose it:
Cam. If I have dwelt too long on my deservings
To this unthankfull man, pray you pardon me,
The cause requir'd it. And though now I adde
A little in my painting to the life
His barbarous ingratitude, to deterre,
Others from imitation, let it meet with
A faire interpretation. This serpent,
Frozen to numnesse, was no sooner warm'd
In the bosome of my pitty, and compassion,
But in returne, he ruin'de his preserver
The prints the yrons had made in his flesh
Still ulcerous; but all that I had done
(My benefits in sand, or water written)
As they had never beene, no more remembred.
And on what ground; but his ambitious hopes
To gaine this Ducheſſe favour,
Aurelia. Yes, the object,
Looke on it better (Lady) may excuse
The charge of his affection.
Camiol. The object
In what? forgive mee, modesty, if I say
You looke upon your forme in the false glasse
Of flattery, and selfe-love, and that deceives you.
That you were a Ducheſſe, as I take it, was not
Character'd on your face, and that not seene,
For other feature, make all these that are
Experienc'd in women, judges of 'em,
And if they are not Parasites, they must grant
For beauty without art, though you storme at it,
I may take the righ hand file.
Gonzaga. Well said i'faith;
I see faire women on no termes will yeeld
Priority in beauty.
Camiol. Downe proud heart!
Why doe I rise up in defence of that,

Which, in my cherishing of it hath vndone mee.
No Madam, I recant, you are all beauty,
Goodnesse, and vertue, and poore I not worthy
As a foyle to set you off; enioy your conquest
But doe not tyranize. Yet as I am
In my lowneſſe from your height, you may looke on me,
And in your suffrage to me, make him know
That though to all men else I did appeare
The shame and scorne of woman, hee stands bound
To hold me as her master-piece.

Roberto. By my life
You have show'n your selfe of such an abject temper,
So poore, and low conditiou'd, as I grieve for
Your neereneſſe to mee.

Ferd. I am chang'd in my
Opinion of you Lady, and professe
The vertues of your minde, an ample fortune
For an absolute Monarch.

Gonzaga. Since you are resolv'd
To damne your selfe, in your forsaking of
Your noble order for a woman, doe it
For this. You may search through the world, and meet not
With such another *Phœnix*.

Aurel. On the sudden
I feele all fires of love quench'd in the water
Of compassion, make your peace; you have
My free consent; for here I doe disclaime
All interest in you: and to further your
Desires, faire Maid, compos'd of worth and honour,
The dispensation procur'd by mee,
Freeing *Bertoldo* from his vow, makes way
To your embraces.

Bertol. Oh, how have I stray'd,
And wilfully, out of the noble tract
Mark'd mee by vertue! 'Till now, I was never
Truely a prisoner; to excuse my late
Captivity, I might alleage the malice
Of fortune; you that conquer'd me confessing

Courage,

Courage in my defence was no way wanting
But now I have ſurrendred up my ſtrengths
Into the power of vice, and on my forehead
Branded with mine owne hand in capitall letters
Diſloyall, and Ingratefull, though barr'd from
Humane ſociety, and hiſs'd into
Some deſert nere yet haunted with the curſes
Of men and women, ſitting as a judge
Vpon my guilty ſelfe, I muſt confeſſe
It juſtly falls upon me, and one teare
Shed in compaſſion of my ſuffrings more.
Then I can hope for. *Cam.* This compunction
For the wrong that you have done me, though you ſhould
Fix here, and your true ſorrow move no further,
Will in reſpect I lov'd once, make theſe eies
Two ſprings of ſorrow for you.
Ber. In your pittie
My cruelty ſhewes more monſtrous, yet I am not,
Though moſt ingratfull, grown to ſuch a height
Of impudence, as in my wiſhes onely
To aske your pardon. If as now I fall
Proſtrate before your feete, you will vouchſafe
To act your owne revenge, treading upon me
As a viper eating through the bowels of
Your benefits, to whom with libertie
I owe my being, 'twill take from the burthen
That now is inſupportable. *Cam.* Pray you riſe,
As I wiſh peace, and quiet to my ſoule
I do forgive you heartily, yet excuſe me;
Though I deny my ſelfe a bleſſing that
By the favour of the Dutcheſſe ſeconded,
With your ſubmiſſion is offer'd to me
Let not the reaſon I alleage for't grieve you,
You have been falſe once. I have done. And if
When I am married (as this day I will be)
As a perfit ſigne of your attonement with me
You wiſh me joy, I will receive it for

Full

Full satisfaction of all obligations
In which you stand bound to me.
Ber. I will doe it,
And what's more, in despite of sorrow, live
To see my selfe vndone, beyond all hope
To be made up againe.
Syl. My blood begins
To come to my heart againe.
Cam. Pray you *Signior Syl.*
Call in the holy Frier. Hee's prepar'd
For finishing the worke.
Syl. I knew I was
The man. Heaven make mee thankfull
Rob. Who is this?
Astu. His Father was the banker of *Palermo*,
And this the heyre of his great wealth, his wisdome
Was not hereditarie.
Syl. Though you know me not,
Your Majesty owes me a round Sum, I have
A scrile, or two to witnesse, yet if you please
To weare my colours, and dance at my wedding.
I'll never sue you.
Rob. And I'll grant your suite,
Syl. Gracious *Maddame*, Noble, Generall,
Brave Captaines and my quondam rivalls wear 'em
Since I am confident you dare not harbour
A thought, but that way currant. *Exit*
Aurel. For my part
I cannot ghesse the issue. *Enter Syl. with*
Syl. Do your duty,
And with all speed you can, you may despatch us.
Paulo. Thus as a principal ornament to the Church
I sease her. *All.* How.
Rob. So young and soreligious.
Pau. She has forsooke the world.
Syl. And *Syllia* too,
I shall run mad. *Syl thrust off*
Rob. Hence with the foole, proceede Sir

Pau.

Pau. Looke on this maid of honor now
Truely honor'd in her vow
She payes to heaven, vaine delight
By day, or pleasure of the night,
She no more thinkes of this faire haire
(Favours for great kings to weare)
Muw now be shorn. Her rich array
Chang'd into a homely gray.
The dainties with which she was fed
And her proud flesh pampered,
Must not be tasted, from the spring,
For wine, cold water we will bring
And with fasting mortifie
The feasts of sensuality.
Her jewells, beads, and she must looke
Not in a glasse, but holy booke;
To teach her the nere erring way
To immortality. O may
She as she purposes to be
A Child new borne to piety,
Persever in in it, and good men
With Saints and Angels say Amen
Cam. This is the marriage! this the port! to which
My vowes must steere me, fill my spreading sayles
With the pure wind of your devotions for me;
That I may touch the secure haven, where
Eternall happinesse keepes her reside nce,
Temptations to frailty never entring.
I am dead to the world, and thus dispose
Of what I leave behind me, and dividing
My state into three parts, I thus bequeath it.
The first to the faire Nunnery, to which
I dedicate the last, and better part
Of my fraile life; a second portion
To pious uses; and the third to thee
Adorni, for thy true and faithfull service.
And ere I mytake lust farwel with hope
To finde a grant, may suite to you is that
You would for my sake pardon this young man

And to his merits love him, and no further.

Rob. I thus confirme it. *Gives his hand to Fulgen.*

Cami. And as ere you hope *to Bertoldo*
Like me to be made happy, I conjure you
To reassume your order; and in fighting
Bravely against the enemies of our faith
Redeeme your morgag'd honor.

Rob. I restore this *The white crosse.*
Once more brothers in armes.

Ber. I'll live and die so.

Cam. To you my pious wishes. And to end
All differences, great Sir I beseech you
To be an arbitrator, and compound
The quarrell, long continuing betweene
The Duke and Dutchesse.

Rober. I'll take it into
My speciall care.

Cam. I am then at rest, now father *Exeunt Paulo.*
Conduct me where you please. *& Camiola.*

Rob. She well deserves
Her name, the Maid of Honor! May she stand
To all posterity, a faire example,
For noble Maides to imitate. Since to live
In wealth and pleasure is common; but to part with
Such poyson'd baites is rare, there being nothing
Vpon this Stoge of life to be commended,
Though well begun, till it be fully ended. *Exeunt.*

The END.